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POPE

ESSAY ON MAN

EDITED BY

MARK PATTISON, B. D.

SECOND EDITION

CORRECTED

Oxford

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

1871

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE *Essay on Man* consists of four Epistles addressed to Lord Bolingbroke. It is but a portion of a large poem contemplated, but not completed. Hence the title imperfectly describes its contents. It is less a treatise on Man than on the moral order of the world of which man is a part. The Essay is a vindication of Providence. The appearances of evil in the world arise from our seeing only a part of the whole. Excesses and contrary qualities are means by which the harmony of the system is procured. The ends of Providence are answered even by our errors and imperfections. God designs happiness to be equal, but realises it through general laws. Virtue only constitutes a happiness which is universally attainable. This happiness through virtue is only reached in society, or social order, which is only a part of the general order. The perfection of virtue is a conformity to the order of Providence here, crowned by the hope of full satisfaction hereafter.

The argument of the *Essay on Man* is said to have been supplied to Pope by Bolingbroke. The source of this tradition is Lord Bathurst. Lord Bathurst, a Tory Peer, had lived with the Tory wits of Queen Anne; then with the Bolingbroke and Chesterfield opposition to Walpole; and having survived all his contemporaries, died in 1775, at the age of 91. We may believe that he was in the habit of stating that Bolingbroke had supplied the scheme of the *Essay on Man* in prose, and that Pope had done no more than put it into verse. This is reported by two independent and trustworthy witnesses. Joseph Warton states, Pope's Works, vol. 3, p. 7, that Lord Bathurst had 'repeatedly assured' him of the fact. Dr. Hugh Blair, dining with Lord

Bathurst in 1763, was told by him in still stronger language 'that the *Essay on Man* was composed by Lord Bolingbroke in prose, and that Mr. Pope did no more than put it into verse.' Dr. Blair reported this at the time to Boswell, who repeated it to Johnson. Johnson's immediate remark was, 'Depend upon it, sir, this is too strongly stated. Pope may have had from Bolingbroke the philosophic stamina of his *Essay;* and admitting this to be true, Lord Bathurst did not intentionally falsify. But the thing is not true in the latitude that Blair seems to imagine. We are sure that the poetical imagery, which makes a great part of the poem, is Pope's own.' (Boswell, *Life*, vol. 7. p. 283.)

This extemporised judgment of Johnson probably is as near the truth as we can get. It was from Bolingbroke's conversation that the poet derived not only many of his ideas, but the impulse to meddle with speculations for which he was little fit. But the internal evidence alone is inconsistent with the supposition that Pope proceeded on the mechanical plan of versifying Lord Bolingbroke's prose. As to the MS. read by Lord Bathurst, I conceive it to have been the MS. of the 'Essays,' and 'Fragments or Minutes of Essays,' now included in Lord Bolingbroke's printed *Works*. These 'Fragments' were occasional scraps communicated to Pope as they were written. Single passages in these Fragments resemble passages in Pope's *Essay*. But even if the communication of the Fragments preceded the composition of the *Essay on Man*, they are far from containing the whole scheme of the Poem. Both the *Essay on Man* and Bolingbroke's Minutes derive their colouring from a common source.

The *Essay on Man* was composed at a time when the reading public, in this country, were occupied with an intense and eager curiosity by speculation on the first principles of Natural Religion. Everywhere, in the pulpit, in the coffee-houses, in every pamphlet, argument on the origin of evil, on the goodness of God, and the constitution of the world, was rife. Into the prevailing topic of polite conversation Bolingbroke, who returned from exile in 1723, was drawn by the bent of his native genius. Pope followed the example and impulse of his friend's more

powerful mind. Thus much there was of special suggestion. But the arguments or topics of the poem are to be traced to books in much vogue at the time; to Shaftesbury's *Characteristics* (1711), King *On the Origin of Evil* (1702), and particularly to Leibnitz, *Essais de Théodicée* (1710). Pope's ambition as a poet led him to take up a subject which involved abstract considerations for which he had no aptitude. He had hitherto only treated social or personal themes. Unless he was to be content to be read merely by 'the town,' he must apply himself to the larger argument which absorbed the attention of all serious minds. No writer, who desires to be read by his cotemporaries, can neglect the topics in which his cotemporaries feel a paramount interest. Pope brooded many years over the scheme of an ethical work. The First Part, or Epistle, was published, anonymously, in 1732. The Fourth Part came out, with his name, in 1734. He never completed any more of the work; though in 1738 he had not relinquished the project of a continuation, as we see from the *Epilogue to the Satires* 2. 255

> 'Alas, alas! pray end what you began,
> And write next winter more Essays on Man.'

In selecting his subject, Pope was thus determined, against the bent of his own genius, by the direction in which the curiosity of his reading public happened to be exerted. Herein lay, to begin with, a source of weakness. To write on a thesis set by circumstances is to begin by wanting inspiration, which proceeds from the fullness of the heart. But when the thesis prescribed is also one which lies beyond the scope of the mental habits of the writer, the difficulties to be overcome are great indeed. The feeblest of Boileau's poems is his *Épître sur l'amour de Dieu*, which he was drawn in to write because the Quietist controversy, in which he had no interest, was raging at court.

The subject of the *Essay on Man* is not, considered in itself, one unfit for poetry. Had Pope had a genius for philosophy, there was no reason why he should not have selected a philosophical subject. Didactic poetry is a mistake, if not a contra-

diction in terms. But poetry is not necessarily didactic because its subject is philosophical. And the highest phase of the philosophical imagination is tentative, not dogmatic. Philosophy cannot be presented as a system of truths for defence or proof. It offers considerations for meditation, and not fixed verities. It is an attempt to elevate the whole mind towards the contemplation of the phænomena of the world from their ideal side. Hence there is a close affinity between the mental state of the philosopher and the poet. Plato's *Dialogues*, though not in verse, address the same faculty of imagination to which poetry appeals. Poetry, philosophy, and art, in their highest condition, meet on the same footing—that of suggestion, not of affirmation. The possibility of presenting the Christian ideas in a poetical garb had been shewn by Milton. There seems no reason why those of natural religion should not be offered for contemplation in a suitable form. We may adopt the words in which Madame d'Épinay rebuked the cynicism of Saint-Lambert: 'Vous, monsieur, qui êtes poète, vous conviendrez avec moi que l'existence d'un Être éternel, tout puissant, souverainement intelligent, est le germe d'un plus bel enthousiasme.'

But it is not enough that a given subject should be in itself adapted for poetry; the poet who undertakes it should be in sympathy with his theme. Pope, as the popular writer of his day, suffered a subject to be imposed upon him, because it interested others, not himself. It followed, as a necessary consequence, that his treatment of the subject was also dictated by the taste of the public, whom it was necessary to please.

In the level on which he treats his theme we find Pope to be the man of his age. The age was one that seemed to have no sense for transcendental ideas in religion, in metaphysics, or in poetry. It was an age of common sense, and the experience of life as it is. To this common sense Pope appeals throughout. He conceived poetry only as an expression of this 'common sense,' as is indicated by his criticism on Young (Dr. Edward Young, died 1765), that 'he had much of a sublime genius without common sense.' Into the highest ideal sphere in which the poet and

artist are one, the sphere of Plato and Greek tragedy, of Dante and of the Disputa, Pope does not enter. But he has a philosophy of his own, a philosophy derived from tact, and an ethics founded upon knowledge of the world. 'Pope and Addison are conspicuously men of the world in their modes of thought and forms of expression. It is in the school of a metropolis that they framed their studies of mankind. Pope is essentially the poet of capitals, and his knowledge of the world is rather to be called knowledge of the town.' (Lytton, *Caxtoniana.*)

The source of this prosaic view of philosophy and poetry is to be found in the circumstances of the time.

The Revolution of 1688, in creating, or affirming, parliamentary government, had amalgamated the political and the literary circles, which had previously remained two distinct castes. From that time forward literature and literary men essayed politics, and the political spirit of free debate invaded literature. The inevitable consequence was that literature was lowered to the level of debate. 'Le ménage d'un gouvernement constitutionel,' says Villemain, 'occupe trop l'esprit pour être fort utile au génie. Il ne lui donne ni les passions et la grandeur de la liberté republicaine, ni les loisirs d'une monarchie splendide et paisible.' (Villemain, *Litt. Franç.* i. 116.) The guild of literature, within which learned men had written for the learned, was broken up. The writer, like the parliamentary debater, addressed such arguments as occurred to his natural understanding to a general audience who had no more special information than himself. Philosophical debate became popular in its method and in its language, losing in depth as it spread itself in width. Addison expresses the aim of this popular philosophy.

'It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men. I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and coffee-houses. I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend my speculations to all well-regulated families that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and

bread-and-butter; and would earnestly advise them, for their good, to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.' (*Spectator*, No. 10.)

This impulse to be understood, and to attain intelligibility by saying only the obvious, extended itself to the writers in verse, as well as to those in prose. In truth, the only difference between poetry and prose in this age consisted in numbers and in rhyme, and not in the order of the ideas presented. Writers aspired to treat in verse every subject that could be treated in prose, from Religion to the 'Art of preserving Health.' Poetry, or rather verse, found itself quite equal to the task of exhibiting all the ideas which were admissible on any subject. Poetry became a rhymed rhetoric, confining itself to producing the general average notions belonging to the subject in hand. 'The poet seized upon those universal, limited truths, which are situated midway between the highest philosophical abstractions and the minor details, a class of truths with which the oratorical art deals, and which form what we call commonplaces. These they arranged in compartments; they developed them with method and symmetry; they organised them into regular processions to defile before the eye with magisterial dignity, and the precision of a disciplined body of troops. The ascendancy of this oratorical reason became so great, that at last it possessed itself of poetry. Buffon says in praise of some verses that they "are as fine as fine prose." Poetry thus became only more elaborate prose, subjected to the restraint of rhyme.' (Taine, *Litterature Anglaise*, 3. 384.) Special, or professional knowledge was not merely thought superfluous, but was excluded as bad taste. This phase of literature during which poetry, or versified rhetoric, supplanted science, was common to England, France and Germany, though the period of its duration was different in the three countries. (Schaefer, *Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur*, b. 6, c. 5.) The attempt as a whole was unsuccessful; lowering the tone of poetry by restricting it to what was common, and driving philosophy, in its abhorrence of the superficial, into an *ungenial* and illiterate jargon.

It was in this spirit that Pope undertook to give an elegant version of the *Théodicée*, or so much of the argument in vindication of Providence as could be presented in the popular form. What this popular form could not hold he has not put there. The mere observation of a narrow social life, or what is called 'knowledge of the world,' yields a system of prudential ethics, but is inadequate as a basis of natural religion. On its theoretic and perceptive side, morality depends on metaphysics, and metaphysics depend on science. On its emotional side, morality depends on the cultivation of the feelings of piety and resignation. The moral view, which Pope shared with his age, is deficient in both regards, the emotional, as well as the scientific. The dependence of Man on God is asserted, and in beautiful language:

> 'Submit. In this or any other sphere
> Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
> Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r
> Or in the natal, or the mortal, hour.'
>
> *Ess.* 1. 285.

But this is not the pervading tone of the poem, which does not place the reader throughout in the attitude of personal devotion. On the other hand, as a version of the metaphysical argument for the moral attributes of God, it is a very narrow and incomplete rendering of Leibnitz's *Théodicée*. Pope had not formed to himself any connected and methodised system of thought on the topic. 'Three or four systems, deformed and mutilated, are amalgamated in his work. He boasts of having "tempered the one by the other, and of having steered between extremes." The truth is that he has not understood them, and that he has mixed together incompatible ideas.' (Taine, *Litt. Anglaise*, 3. 387.) The scheme of Providence as exhibited in the *Essay on Man* is imperfect. The difficulties presented by the moral anomalies of the world and the existence of evil are perhaps not capable of solution by us. 'Man is not born to solve the problem of his existence, but he is born to attempt to solve it, that he may keep within the limits of the knowable.' (Goethe.) Pope is

often satisfied that he has explained, where he has not even shewn a full sense of the nodus. 'The poem,' says De Quincey, 'is the realisation of anarchy; and one amusing test of this may be found in the fact that different commentators have deduced from it opposite doctrines. In some instances this apparent antinomy is doubtful and dependent on the ambiguities or obscurities of the expression. But in others it is fairly deducible; and the cause lies in the elliptical structure of the work. The ellipsis may be filled up in two different modes, and he that supplies the hiatus in effect determines the bias of the poem this way or that, to a religious or a sceptical result.' (*Leaders in Literature*, p. 51.) The solution, which may be sought in vain by reasoning, may be found in the devotional sentiment. To this region it must be admitted Pope does not mount. Pascal says: 'Je blâme également et ceux qui prennent parti de louer l'homme, et ceux qui le prennent de le blamer, et ceux qui le prennent de se divertir; et je ne puis approuver que ceux qui cherchent en gémissant.' (*Pensées*, Art. 1, § 9.) With this before him, Pope has done all that Pascal condemns, and not done what Pascal approves. The single line 'And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape,' it has been well said, 'could not possibly have been written by any person impressed with a due veneration for the glory of his species' (Dugald Stewart). Pope is deficient in a true human and natural sympathy. 'With all his fine perception and marvellous acuteness, he takes but a limited view of human life and duty, and is deficient in that spirit of true humanity that stirs the deepest feelings, and accompanies the noblest intellects.' (Carruthers, *Life*, p. 226.)

This deficiency of moral perception in the poem was not felt by Pope's cotemporaries. Though the *Essay on Man* was the subject of more than one attack at the time, these all turned on alleged errors in its particular reasonings or doctrines. The most detailed of these criticisms was the work of J. P. de Crousaz, a Swiss professor in the service of the Elector of Hesse Cassel. De Crousaz published an *Examen* (Lausanne, 1737) and *a Commentaire* (Genéve, 1738) to accompany the Abbé Resnel's

translation of the *Essay*. They are the feeble and garrulous productions of the old age of a man not without reading, who in his time had done better things. Yet they had some currency with the religious public, and the *Examen* was translated into English by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter (12mo. Lond. 1739). Pope was in extreme alarm at being supposed to have written against religion, and was accordingly grateful when Warburton came forward to vindicate the orthodoxy of the *Essay*. The *Critical and Philosophical Commentary on Mr. Pope's Essay on Man, by Mr. Warburton*, 12mo. Lond. 1742, is dull, prolix, confused, and in no way worthy of the author of *The Divine Legation*. All that can be said of it is, that it is no worse than the criticism to which it was an answer. It served a temporary purpose in throwing the shield of Warburton's orthodoxy and philosophical reputation over Pope. Though Pope must have been surprised to be told that one of his own 'chief ends of writing was the confutation of the Manichaean or Zoroastrian error,' he gladly allowed Warburton's Commentary to be adopted into the editions, where it has held its place for more than a century. 'It should certainly have been dismissed,' says De Quincey (*Works*, 9. 52). It has not been retained in the present edition.

After this first critical assault the *Essay on Man* gradually established itself as a classic. Dugald Stewart, in Lectures delivered in 1792–3, expresses the opinion of that age in speaking of the *Essay* as 'the noblest specimen of philosophical poetry which our language affords; and which, with the exception of a very few passages, contains a valuable summary of all that human reason has been able hitherto to advance in justification of the moral government of God.' (*Active and Moral Powers; Works*, 7. 133.) This might seem a little overstated if it did not stand in close connection with some strictures on particular passages which the same judicious critic condemns as false in sentiment. Pope was also Kant's favourite poet (Immanuel Kant, died 1804), and was habitually quoted by him in his lectures. (K. Fischer, *Gesch. d. Philos.* 3. 64.)

It will be apparent from what has been said that anything like

a system of natural religion must not be looked for in the *Essay*. In 1754 the Berlin Academy proposed as a thesis for a prize essay 'An examination of Pope's system.' Lessing hereupon published a short pamphlet (*Pope ein Metaphysiker*, Danzig, 1755) with the view of showing that nothing which could be called 'system' could be extracted from the *Essay*, but that it was a patchwork of ill-assorted notions. Besides that he was not intellectually master of any such system, Pope's method of composition was unfavourable even to verbal consistency of statement. He finished, piece by piece, disjointed fragments, which he connected afterwards as well as he could. Hence the whole is without unity. There is not only no systematic thought, but there is not even harmony of feeling. The poem is not all in one key. 'His art no doubt is great, but it is the art which begins by elaborating the parts and afterwards endeavours to fit them together by plastering over the interstices. The art of a Milton works from within outwards, fusing all the materials into one solid mass by its own central heat.' (J. B. Mayor, *Contemp. Rev.* 14. 124.) Pope's method of composition reminds us of Seneca's, of whose style Nero said that it was 'scopus dissolutus, arena sine calce,' and who abounds in contradictions from the same cause.

As examples of what has been said of Pope's indifference to his professed argument, we may cite his account of the 'State of Nature:'—

> 'Nor think in nature's state they blindly trod;
> The state of nature was the reign of God;' &c.
>
> *Ess.* 3. 147–168.

To explain the foundations of civil society, political theorists had had recourse to the hypothesis of a prior condition of man antecedent to law. Law was thus referred to a positive covenant, or civil pact. The condition of humanity prior to this covenant was conceived either as one of equality and liberty with reciprocal services, as by Hooker (*Eccles. Pol.* bk. 1), and Locke (*Civil Government*, bk. 2, c. 2), or of mutual war as by Hobbes (*De Cive*, 1642). Over against these theories stood that

of Sir Robert Filmer. According to Filmer, legitimate power could only vest in the person of an hereditary monarch, deriving authority in direct transmission from Adam, to whom it had been committed by the Creator. Filmer's was an endeavour to deduce civil constitution from historical data. The hypothesis adopted by Locke was a conception of reason, and was not advanced as a fact. But each of these theories, whether tenable or not, was consistent and clearly conceived. Pope came also necessarily upon the question of the origin of society. How does he explain it? By none of the received theories, nor by any intelligible theory. He culls from all quarters anything that will tell, and offers a patchwork picture where the elegance of the phrase hides the absence of an idea.

Hesiod (before B.C. 700) had pictured an age of gold (*Op. et Dies*, 90 seq.), and twenty years after Pope's *Essay*, Rousseau produced his panegyric of the state of nature (*Discours sur l'inégalité parmi les hommes*, 1753). Hesiod's metallic age was a theory produced as a possible explanation of the facts of life. Rousseau urges the parallel between the effects of domestication and those of luxury upon the natural powers of brutes and men, into paradox it is true, but it is a paradox which is worked into a substantial and consistent system. Pope's state of nature is entirely unreal. It is a consecrated ornament, traditionally continued, as a part of the common stock of what is called 'poetical imagery.' So little care has he for consistency, that while death is represented (l. 161 &c.) as a step in the sequence of degeneracy and corruption, a few lines further (l. 221 &c.) the eating of fish and fowl is an advance in the progress of the arts.

The second example may be taken from some just remarks by Professor Bain.

To show the difference between profound thought and brilliant illustration, while both must repose upon a common foundation, viz. the power of identifying like things through distance and disguise, Mr. Bain quotes the following lines:—

'When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;

When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god;
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.' *Ess.* 1. 61–68.

'Here a difficulty in the scheme of human life is not met by other positions that man is placed in, which might reconcile us to the difficulty, but by two comparisons poetically striking, but logically unsatisfying. Butler would never have gone to the inferior creatures for an analogy. He would have recalled to our view, as a general principle, of which numerous other examples would be given, "the government of God considered as a scheme or constitution imperfectly comprehended," and would have endeavoured to point out that the imperfect comprehension was a fact of the natural world as well as of the supernatural. No human being really beset with earnest doubts would take any comfort from Pope's couplets; many have found repose in Butler's reasonings... [In other passages of the *Essay*] we have a profuse employment of the power of similarity in adducing lively illustrations, not only with very little force to instruct the mind, but with a tendency to distort the truth. The difference between Pope and Bp. Butler is the difference between a close observer of phenomena anxious to get at the truth, and a genius for language that cares principally for poetic effect, and takes the thoughts at second-hand.' (*Study of Character*, p. 343.)

Our age can no longer read the *Essay on Man* as a théodicée. We find its arguments confused, and its dry rationalism unedifying. The subject has not lost its interest, but the questions which are involved are all advanced into a further stage. Our greatly enlarged knowledge of the laws, both of nature and of thought, make the metaphysical and theological discussions of the eighteenth century seem to us either superficial common-places, or partial special pleadings. The *Essay on Man* can only be read as a classic, as a relic of past controversies. Neglecting its

ambitious design of exhibiting a system of nature and providence, we can only regard it as presenting us with the popular moral ideas of that age. Even in this view the *Essay on Man* is inferior in interest to other poems of Pope—to his Satires and Epistles. These have more concrete instances, individual traits, and personal characteristics. In the *Essay on Man* the moralising is more abstract, the allusions are historical, and not cotemporary. The ethical reflections of that class of moralists who generalize maxims from what is called 'knowledge of the world,' have about them something which is especially perishable.

Every national literature which has developed itself naturally has had periods of *gnomic* poetry. Maxims of life and manners are in demand as soon as ever social relations become an object of reflection. In the middle age of England, after the period of war and knightly adventure pictured in the romances of chivalry, followed a period when social intercourse began to refine itself, and to call for its philosophers and its legislators. The satirist is the philosopher, and the moralist the legislator of such a period. The pompous ceremonial and scenic exterior give way to humbler but more human forms of life. The fantastic sentiment which formed the ideal standard of character in the age of chivalry, is supplanted by the maxims of a shrewd common-sense. These reflections on life and conduct, this proverbial philosophy, is adopted by the poets and becomes a favourite staple of popular verse. The fifteenth century in England was such a period. Gower, Lydgate, Hoccleve, Skelton, Burgh, along with others of less or no note, form a whole literature by themselves They wrote

> 'To teche or to preche
> As reason will reche.'
>
> (Skelton, *Colin Clout*, l. 13.)

Pope, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Swift were in a similar relation to the changed manners and more refined society of the eighteenth century. The writer, be he poet or moralist, who deals with this range of reflection, must be prepared to have it

said of him in the next generation that he is trite and commonplace; as Johnson said of the *Essay on Man*, that it shows 'penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment.' (*Life of Pope.*) Gower and Lydgate must ever remain objects of curiosity to students of our language or historians of our manner, but as moral teachers they are obsolete. Their ethics are not false, but they are trite and vulgar. Their reading of life is superseded by a reading which is, not truer, but more modern.

It is impossible not to feel that the same process of obsolescence is gradually affecting the moral and metaphysical parts of Pope's poems. His personalities, his particular portraits, and vivid pictures of cotemporary manners have lost nothing of their original interest. But when he enunciates universal truths, we find that the lapse of 150 years has tarnished their brightness without detracting from their justice.

When we turn from the matter of the *Essay* to the execution, dissatisfaction gives way to admiration. We then see the secret of the eminence which Pope attained, and which he must always retain as long as the English language continues to be read. In the art of metrical composition, Pope was a master. Johnson, who depreciated him, did not hesitate to say, that 'a thousand years may elapse before there shall appear another man with a power of versification equal to his.' (Boswell, *Life*, vol. 8, p. 15.) Pope erred in selecting an uncongenial subject, and in attempting to argue and discuss in metre. But he has masked an unmanageable matter by his inimitable art of expression. Such is the importance of style. It is truly said by Boileau, that 'in all languages a mean thought expressed in noble terms is better liked than the noblest thought expressed in mean terms. For everybody cannot judge of the force and justness of a thought, but scarce any but perceives the meanness of words.' (*Reflexions Critiques. Refl.* 9, *Œuvres*, 3. 218, ed. 1722.) In reading each paragraph of the *Essay*, we may take the thought as a given material, and make a separate study of the setting and workmanship. The young scholar cannot propose to himself a more

instructive model to dwell upon and to analyse. As a *poet*, Pope is surpassed by many in our language; as a literary artist, by Gray alone. Poets of an earlier age, and poets of the age which followed Pope's, offer a rich fancy, a tender sentiment, sublime invention, deep emotion, lofty imagination — all of which are wholly wanting in Pope. But in none of these poets will be found that sense of proportion and harmony of parts, the symmetry and balance, the neither too much nor too little, which characterise the classic in any language. In most of them we are offended by a license of irregularity which may be pardoned in the *improvisatore*, but which is wholly inadmissible in a work of art.

In his choice of the subject of the *Essay on Man*, Pope, we have said, was the man of his age. He was no less so in the form in which he endeavoured to elaborate his material, and in the fact that his interest lay in the elaboration, rather than in the matter treated. Pope is often spoken of as the head of a school of poetry. In the sense of being the most eminent writer of a school, he was so, but chronologically he was the latest of the school he represents. Before his death in 1744, poetry had already given indications of the new character and new tone which were realised in Cowper (died 1800). The school of which Pope is the last representative, and the most perfect type, may be said to have been in possession of the poetical stage for the century from 1660 to 1760. It may be broadly contrasted with the poetry which preceded, and with that which followed, by its *aim*. The common aim of the writers of the epoch which dates from the Restoration was *form* or *art*. Pope himself used to ascribe this direction of his own genius to the suggestion of an adviser. 'Walsh used to tell me that there was one way left of excelling; for though we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet who was *correct;* and desired me to make that my study and aim.' (Spence, *Anecdotes*, p. 52, ed. 1820.) But the fact is, that Pope was only striving in the same direction in which his contemporaries were striving. The Elizabethan poets and their successors had only cared to utter their fancies,

thoughts, conceits, and images, in rich exuberance of phrase. They were incapable of selection, or of keeping back. Though full of second-hand classical allusion, they had no sense of true classical form. They were wholly intent upon the matter of what they wished to say, careless how they said it. This diffuse prodigality of a lawless imagination necessarily superinduced a reaction. The repetitions, the redundancies, the luxuriant *abandon* of such poets as Davies or Davenant surfeited the reader and made him crave for a more simple diet. The attention once fixed upon the art of expression, there was created in literature the demand for form, a demand which is the condition of all art. The substance of what was to be said lay ready to hand in the ordinary conversation and ordinary books; but the effort and the rivalry now was, how to say it. It was no longer necessary to observe, to learn, to think, to read. The common and obvious thoughts satisfied every one. To go beyond the obvious was stigmatised as pedantry. He who best reflected the general sentiment was held in most esteem. The substance of their poetry was what Villemain attributes to La Motte, 'la fine expression de l'élegance sociale, qui se croit la vérité poétique.' (*Litt. Franç.* 1. 42.) This was common to them all. Upon this material they worked. To give clearness and plainness to the language, to file and finish the lines, to reject superfluity, to diffuse a subdued colour over the whole, to regulate the just subordination of the parts—these became the business of the poet, and every writer who aspired to be read was a poet.

This striving after perfection of form, along with deficient interest in the matter of what is said, which now appeared for the first time in our language, is the same phenomenon as had shown itself in the 'Ciceronianism' of the Italian humanists of the sixteenth century. In English verse, as in Latin prose, the very perfection reached contained the germ of decay. 'This elaborate though equable strain in a kind of poetry, which, never requiring high flights of fancy, escapes the censure of mediocrity and monotony, excites more admiration in those who have been accustomed to the numerous defects of less finished poets, than

it retains in a later age, when others have learned to emulate and preserve the same uniformity.' (Hallam, *Literature*, 3. 466, ed. 1854.)

It was especially in attention to the laws of rhythm that the newly awakened æsthetic sense found its occupation. The reform of the school of the Restoration in the melody of versification has been so great, that it has struck every critic, and has tended to obscure the fact that this reform was but a portion of the general endeavour at 'composition.' 'The exquisite perfection of the versification has withdrawn the public attention from their other excellences, as the vulgar eye will rest more upon the splendour of the uniform than the quality of the troops.' (Byron, *Works*, 15. 87.) The greater part of the poetry of the seventeenth century, prior to the Restoration, seems to be without any prosodial system; to know nothing of rhythm, metre, or accent, and to be bound together solely by the final assonance. There were not wanting some earlier exceptions, such as Sandys (died 1643); but in Donne (died 1631) we have versification which can scarcely be said to be subject to any laws at all. As the century advances we trace a growing effort to bring English versification under metrical law. Dryden (1631–1700) did the most in this direction. Dryden, indeed, always referred to Waller (died 1687, æt. 83) as his master, declaring that 'unless he had written, none of us could write.' (Scott, *Life of Dryden*, ch. 1.) But Dryden has many irregular verses, and it was left for Pope to bring the couplet under rules of metrical scansion as strict as the English language will allow.

The *Essay on Man* is composed in the rhymed couplet of verses of five accents. The history of this metre is curious. It was long used for light and trifling subjects, and is contemptuously spoken of by the critics of the sixteenth century, in contrast with the Stanzas, which were alone thought appropriate to serious topics. (Puttenham, *Art of English Poesie*, p. 50, ed. 1811.)

It is easy to see the origin of this preference for the stanza in grave works. The stanza in verse is the analogue of the prose

sentence as constructed by Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, or Milton. Each of these stately periods carries along with it, over and above its direct predication, all the conditions and exceptions to which the writer wishes to submit that predication, all woven into one structure. There is in each stanza or sentence so much as fills the mind to the utmost strain of its capacity for attention; and then a pause for reflection and digestion. The same process which broke up the composite period of earlier prose into the disjointed modern style of short sentences, took place in verse. The stanza gradually gave way before the couplet. This dissolution of the staff was going on all through the seventeenth century. In Denham we have the intermediate stage. Cooper's Hill (1643) is in couplets, but the sense is habitually continued from verse to verse, to such an extent that we feel as if the poet had forgotten he was not writing in stanzas. Davenant cut down the Spenserian stanza to the elegiac staff of four lines, alternately rhyming. But when in his Preface (*Gondibert*, 16) he defends himself for not using couplets, we see that the couplet has already revealed itself as the instrument of poetical expression which was required by the age. Dryden achieved the final victory of the couplet. But Dryden did not attain the art of giving variety to the couplet by the variation of the pause, and sought to attain this object by the ruder expedients of triple rhymes, interpolating verses of six, or even seven accents, and admitting three syllables to one accent. In Dryden, not only is the sense often carried beyond the second line, but the second line of one couplet and the first of the next are united in a single sentence, so that the two, though not rhyming, must be read as a couplet. A tendency to the stricter practice of the French to terminate the sense with the couplet increased from the Restoration. It is strictly observed by Pope in the present poem. But though he carefully avoids the couplet enjambè, he is not wholly free from lesser blemishes of carelessness or laziness. He abounds in imperfect rhymes, the First Epistle alone having seventeen such. He allows the accent to rest too often on a weak syllable, and occasionally even at the end of a line, e. g.

'Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.'

With exquisite taste as to how much the language could bear, he stopped short of the rigorism of the French heroic verse of six accents, which invariably exacts the cæsura in the middle. This rigorism is defended by Marmontel (*Poètique Franç.*), on the ground that the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes furnishes sufficient variety to French poetry. English critics are apt to think that the uniform French cæsura imparts too artificial and mechanical a character to their versification. The opinion of Dr. Blair seems not far from the truth, that (*Lectures*, Lect. 38) 'it is a distinguishing advantage of our English verse that it allows the pause to be varied through four different syllables in the line. The pause may fall after the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh syllable; and according as the pause is placed after one or other of these syllables, the melody of the verse is much changed, and its air and cadence are diversified.'

On the whole, the rhythm of the heroic couplet as settled by Pope, must ever remain the classical model of English versification. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the reaction against the poetry of good sense set in, it was not thought enough to depart from the style of Pope, unless his metre was rejected also. The return to nature, in the poetical as in the political revolution, was attempted by throwing off law. The aspiration to reach a 'higher melody' by means of lawless rhythms, has led us back to the barbarous versification of the seventeenth century, and much is written as poetry, which can only claim to be so called because it is not prose.

The best preservative from such licentious taste that can be recommended to the young writer, is the diligent study of Pope. All study, to be useful, must be in a spirit of deference. Criticism is only an aid to appreciation. 'They mistake the nature of criticism,' says Dryden (*State of Innocence*, Pref.), 'who think its business is to find fault.' On the other hand, study must not be in a spirit of servility. 'With reverence should we approach the shade of Milton; but criticism would lose half its usefulness and

all its dignity, if we yielded an unqualified assent to the doctrine that its canons are nothing more than the practice of our great poets reduced to rule.' (Guest, *English Rhythms*, 2. 242.) There are flaws in Pope's workmanship. But though it is easy to repeat the criticisms of others, it is only the carefully-trained perception that can judge these flaws justly. The young student should dwell patiently upon the text of the author, and not take up with borrowed criticism. Yet, in addition to independent study, reference to the best critical treatises is indispensable, provided always that he make the mental effort of endeavouring to test the critic's dicta by his own judgment. The following is a list of books that may be consulted:—

1. Poetical Works of A. Pope. Edited by Robert Carruthers. 3 vols. Second Edition. 1858.
2. Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope. By Joseph Warton. 2 vols. 8vo. Fifth Edition. 1806.
3. Alexander Pope. By Thomas De Quincey. In De Quincey's Collected Works.
4. Life of Dryden. By Sir Walter Scott. Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works. 1848.
5. The Poetry of Pope. By Prof. Conington. Oxford Essays. 1858.
6. English Poetry from Dryden to Cowper. Article V. in Quarterly Review, July, 1862.

The *Essay on Man* was translated immediately into French verse by the Abbé du Resnel; into French prose by M. de Silhouette, 1736. There are besides these, two modern French versions, one by Delille, and another by de Fontanes, Paris, 1821. A version in Latin hexameters was published at Wittenburg in 1743, and another by J. Costa, Patav. 1775. Kretsch translated the *Essay* into German, and there is another version by Murnsen, Hamburg, 1783. There is one Portuguese, and more than one Italian version. A polyglot edition, containing six versions, was published at Amsterdam, and Strasburg, 1762, and another of five versions by Bodoni, at Parma, 1801.

The *Essay* also called forth numerous imitations. Of these may be mentioned:—

Albrecht von Haller. Ueber den Ursprung des Uebels. 1734.
Wieland. Die Natur der Dinge. 1750.
Voltaire. Poème sur la loi naturelle. 1751.

John George Schlosser (1799) told Goethe that 'he had written a poem in the same metre as the *Essay on Man* to refute its principles' (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, p. 242), but I do not know if it was ever published.

The text followed in the present edition is that of Warburton's first collected edition, 1751, errors of press excepted. As Warburton followed a copy left corrected for press by the author himself, an editor of Pope would seem to have no choice but to adopt his text. The spelling of that edition has been strictly adhered to. To 'modernise' the spelling of a classic, is nothing less than to deface one of the monuments of the language.

I desire to thank those who have assisted me with corrections, and valuable suggestions, especially Mr. Henry Nettleship, Mr. Whitwell Elwin, and Mr. J. B. Mayor.

M. P.

LINCOLN COLLEGE,
May, 1871.

AN ESSAY ON MAN:

TO

H. St. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my lord Bacon's expression) *came home to men's business and bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his nature and his state; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in

forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without any diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

Of the nature and state of man with respect to the universe.

Of Man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, 17. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, 35. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, 77. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, 109. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, 131. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, 173. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, 250. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to providence, both as to our present and future state, 281 to the end.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;

A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield!
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd being peoples every star,
May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?
  Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
  Respecting man whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
  When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
  Then say not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:

His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below;
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest:
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;

Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' eternal cause.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;

Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.'
  But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
'No ('tis reply'd) the first almighty cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?'—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whose hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
  Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;

That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.
What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?

Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew:
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier?
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?

The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?
  See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale 's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
  And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!
  What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?

Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit. In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, 'Whatever is, is right.'

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the nature and state of man with respect to himself, as an individual.

I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature: his powers and frailties, 1 to 19. The limits of his capacity, 19. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, 53. Self-love the stronger, and why, 67. Their end the same, 81. III. The passions, and their use, 93 to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, 132 to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, 165. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the office of reason, 202 to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, 217. VI. That, however, the ends of providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, 238. How usefully these are distributed in all orders of men, 241. How useful they are to society, 251. And to individuals, 263. In every state, and every age of life, 273.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end;
Alas what wonder! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.
Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;

Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of self-love the passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide:
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;

Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
  Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
  Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
  As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sowr.
We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis followed, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,

The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.
Th' eternal art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where 's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
  Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
  Whate'er the passion—knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;

The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.
See! and confess one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Tho' man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

ARGUMENT.

Of the nature and state of man with respect to society.

I. The whole universe one system of society, 7. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, 27. The happiness of animals mutual, 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, 109. III. How far society carried by instinct, 115. How much farther by Reason, 128. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, 144. reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, 166, and in the forms of society, 176. V. Origin of political societies, 196. Origin of monarchy, 207. Patriarchal government, 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love, 231. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of fear, 237. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, 285. Mixt government, 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, 300.

HERE then we rest; 'The universal cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.'
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.
Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!'
'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury,
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch etherial slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

Great standing miracle! that heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and flood
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first, eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those:

The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest and preserv'd the kind.
  Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man.
  See him from nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part;
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake,
'Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:

Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd.'
Great nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?

What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.
'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
On him, their second providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th'. aërial eagle to the ground,
'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great first father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that steddy light,
Man, like his maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For nature knew no right divine in men,

No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man.
  Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
'Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' etherial vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new,
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
'Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And in proportion as it blesses blest;

Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

ARGUMENT.

Of the nature and state of man with respect to happiness.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from 19. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, 51. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, 70. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, 133. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: Instanced in riches, 185. Honours, 193. Nobility, 205. Greatness, 217. Fame, 237. Superior talents, 259. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, 269. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, 309. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, 326.

H happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.

Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian lawrels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, the universal cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?

Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, 'till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' eternal cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right. This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest, who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
'But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.'
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
'No, shall the good want health, the good want pow'r?'
Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
'Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a God, and earth a heav'n?'
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conq'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

'What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!'
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies.
'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:

Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful preheminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life;
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man:

Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God:
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
'Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:

Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.
Come then, my friend, my genius, come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?

That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, whatever is, is right;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

NOTES.

NOTES.

'POPE,' says Sir W. Hamilton (Life, by Veitch, p. 335, note), 'was a curious reader.' It might be added that he invented little, but borrowed the germ of a thought anywhere, and then set himself to elaborate and embroider it. He lets us himself into the secret of his art when he says, 'in Beaumont's Psyche are a great many flowers well worth gathering; and a man who has the art of stealing wisely will find his account in it.' The argument and illustration of the Essay on Man may be divided into two classes: (1) So much as is the common property of the poets—a vocabulary, or Thesaurus Poeticus, which any one was at liberty to use, a liberty which Pope has not always disdained; (2) Peculiar illustrations, drawn from a desultory, perhaps lazy, but curious reading. In the first class of allusion, we may compare Pope's handling with that of less dexterous writers. The other class, viz. illustration peculiar to Pope, throws greater light on his method of composition—an exquisite mosaic work.

Gilbert Wakefield had undertaken the task of collecting parallel passages and illustrations. He published one volume of an edition of Pope in 1794, and a volume of 'Observations' in 1796. He was driven out of the field by the superior reputation of Joseph Warton, whose edition appeared in 1797. What Warton did in the way of tracing Pope's obligations to earlier writers was only to make a beginning. The Notes which follow have no pretension to be an exhaustive collection of references. It is hoped that they may serve to introduce the young student of our literature into a track of research which, if pursued, would bring him acquainted at least with the names and general character of a wide variety of English writers.

EPISTLE I.

l. 1. *St. John.* Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, who had returned from exile in 1723, and was now (1732) residing at Dawley, near Uxbridge. 'Pope's room, in which he was said to have written the Essay on Man, was still shewn [?at Battersea] in Bolingbroke's house. It was a parlour of brown polished oak.' Sir Richard Philips; Morning's Walk from London to Kew. In the first ed. (1732) the name was not given, and the poem commenced, 'Awake, my Lælius!' The sweetness of studious retirement, and the superiority of the philosophic life to the pursuit of 'low ambition,'

was at this time a favourite theme of Lord Bolingbroke's. See his Essay On the true use of Retirement and Study, Works, 4. 162 (ed. 1809).

l. 3. *life can little more supply*
Than just to look about us and to die.

The complaint of Theophrastus, Aristotle's successor, that 'human life ended just when the insight into its problems was beginning;' Cic. Tusc. Quæst. 3. 28, 'Querebatur se tum, cum illa videre caepisset, extingui.' Cf. inf. Ep. 2. 10:

'Born but to die, and reasoning but to err.'

l. 6. *maze*, Johnson, Dict., 'a labyrinth, or place of perplexity and winding.' Dr. Ducarel, Tour through Normandy, describes 'a maze or labyrinth about ten feet in diameter, so artfully contrived, that were we to suppose a man following all the intricate meanders of its volutes, he would not travel less than a mile before he got from the one end to the other.' Milton, Hymn on Nature:

'The yellow-skirted Fayes
Leaving their moon-lov'd maze.'

Cf. Henry King, Poems, p. 16 (ed. 1843):

'Life is a crooked labyrinth, and we
Are daily lost in that obliquity.'

l. 9. *beat this ample field.* Metaphors drawn from field sports abound in our earlier writers, both in prose and verse, even on the most serious topics; e.g. Henry King, Poems, p. 17 (ed. 1843):

'O guide my faith! and by thy grace's clew
Teach me to hunt that kingdom at the view.'

Francis Quarles, Cattermole's Selections, 1. 209:

'In the discovery of the chiefest good,
Keenly they hunted, beat in every brake,
Forwards they went, on either hand, and back
Return'd they counter; but their deep-mouth'd art,
Though often challeng'd scent, yet ne'er could start
In all the enclosures of philosophy
That game, from squat, they term felicity.'

It is a species of metaphor very familiar to Bolingbroke; e.g. his celebrated saying of the House of Commons, 'they grow, like hounds, fond of the man who shews them game.'

l. 10. *covert.* Fr. *couvert*, 'thicket affording a shelter to game.' Parnell uses the word as an adjective, Health, An Eclogue, l. 45:

'The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds.'

l. 12. *who blindly creep or sightless soar.* Imitated by Gray, Ode to Spring, 33:

'To contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep and they that fly
Shall end where they began.'

sightless soar. Bolingbroke is constantly insisting on (Works, vol. 8, p. 156) 'the danger we run whenever we *soar in the vague* of abstract reasoning too far from the phenomena of our system. To be real, our *knowledge* must rise in it. To be useful, it must be applicable to it.'

l. 13. *shoot folly as it flies.* Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, pt. 2:

'Observes and shoots their treasons as they fly.'

Arbuthnot, Works, 1. 199:

'How well he arches and shoots flying,
Let no man think that we mean lying.'

l. 16. *vindicate the ways of God to man.* 'Pope's writings,' says Bowles, 'are strewed with Miltonic phrases.' The young scholar will recognise in this line Milton's Par. Lost, 1. 26:

'Justify the ways of God to man.'

This is a better description of the subject of the Essay than that of the title, Essay on Man.

l. 17. *What can we reason, but from what we know.* The principle of analogical reasoning in theology is the assumption that the universe being regulated by uniform laws, those laws which we can trace in that part of it which falls under our observation, extend also to that part of it which we cannot see. Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, 5. 174:

'What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like more than on earth is thought?'

On the application of analogical reasoning to the doctrine of a future life, see Dugald Stewart, Active and Moral Powers, Works, vol. 7, p. 200 (ed. 1855).

l. 23. *He, who through vast immensity can pierce.* 'The immensity of the material world forces us to conclude that there must be some scheme of Providence vast in proportion to it.' Butler, Analogy, pt. 1. ch. 3.

l. 26. *circle other suns.* 'Circling' is a favourite epithet with Milton, but generally intransitive. It is, however, occasionally (as here) transitive, e.g. Par. Lost, 6. 742:

'Then shall thy saints circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned hallelujahs to Thee sing.'

So the Greeks use κυκλεῖν, and Scaliger wished to restore the verb 'circo' to classical Latin, reading 'circat stagna' for the vulgar 'circum.' Tibull. 1. 3.

l. 28. *this frame* = 'the universe considered as an arranged system' = Gr. κόσμος. Bacon, Essays, 16: 'I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal *frame* is without a mind.'

l. 35. *Presumptuous man,* &c. Voltaire, Dict. Philos. t. 4, p. 412: 'J'ai été flatté de voir qu'il (Pope) s'est rencontré avec moi dans une chose que j'avais dite il y a plusieurs années. Vous vous étonnez que Dieu ait fait l'homme si borné, si ignorant, si peu heureux. Que ne vous étonnez pas qu'il ne l'ait pas fait plus borné, plus ignorant, et plus malheureux?'

l. 37. *harder reason. Harder* is perhaps intended to suggest the demerit of man, who makes a worse use of his higher faculties than the inferior animals of theirs.

l. 41. *argent.* Milton, Par. Lost, 3, 460, 'Those argent fields.'

l. 42. *Satellites.* Not a false accent, but the pronunciation of the time. Cf. Desaguliers, ap. Southey, Specimens of the Later English Poets, vol. 2, p. 186:

'By his example in their endless race
The primaries lead their satellites.'

In the lapse of time the English usage, by which the accent is thrown as far back as possible, has prevailed over the Latin pronunciation, in this as in other words adopted from foreign languages. So Essay, 1. 223, *barrier*.

Jove's Satellites, &c. The four satellites which revolve round Jupiter were discovered by Galileo, January 7, 1610. The mass of the largest of the four, as calculated by Struve, is 0.000088, the mass of the planet itself being taken as unity. In a rough mode of comparison it may be said that Jupiter is 338 times as great as our Earth, and that his smallest satellite is about the size of our Moon.

l. 43. *Of systems possible if 'tis confest*
That wisdom infinite must form the best.

Conington, Essay on Pope, Oxford Essays, 1858, p. 45: 'Pope did not generally condescend to the artificial inversion which places the adjective after the substantive. Here we have *systems possible* followed by *wisdom infinite*, combinations which have the effect of producing a disagreeable monotony, occurring in the same part of the lines to which they respectively belong.'

l. 44. *That wisdom infinite must form the best.* Pope begins his argument by assuming this axiom from Leibnitz, Théodicée, 1. 8: 'Cette supréme sagesse, jointe à une bonté qui n'est pas moins infinie qu'elle, n'a pu manquer de choisir le meilleur.'

Optimism, as defined by Leibnitz, does not mean the affirmation that of all systems possible God has chosen the absolutely best, but the best as conducive to the end intended in the creation. This is the received doctrine of the schools. P. Lombard, Sentent. 1. dist. 44, 2: 'Deposco cur dicunt rerum universitatem ... non posse esse meliorem quam est?'

l. 46. *Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,*
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man.

The supposition of a scale of beings gradually descending from perfection to nonentity, and complete in every intermediate rank and degree, if not first introduced by Leibnitz, was popularised by him. It is the consequence of the principle which Leibnitz called 'lex continui.' See Théodicée, § 14 (ed. 1710), and Sur le principe de vie, Opp. Philos. (ed. Erd.) p. 431: 'Il est raisonable qu'il y ait des substances capables de perception au dessous de nous comme il y en a au dessus; et que notre âme bien loin d'être la dernière de toutes se trouve dans un milieu, dont on puisse descendre et monter; autrement ce serait un défaut d'ordre, que certains philosophes appellent "vacuum formarum."' From Leibnitz the hypothesis was adopted generally. See Law, Origin of Evil, p. 117, note (ed. 1758); Addison, Spectator, No. 519; Bolingbroke, Works, vol. 5, p. 79. Wieland also has it, Die Natur der Dinge, 5. 205:

'O sage lieber gleich der Mensch soll gar nicht seyn!
Soll in der ewigen Reih der Möglichen allein,
Nur er, diess einz'ge Glied der ganzen Kette fehlen.'

Lessing, Werke, 5. 19, shews that the idea of a 'full creation' as expressed in Pope's lines, is only a partial rendering of the conception of Leibnitz. The lines of Pope speak only of the extant species of organised beings; *Leibnitz'* conception was much more extended, and regarded the whole of *space and the whole of* time as an unbroken chain of mutually related *existences and occurrences*.

l. 53. *In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain*, &c. Leibnitz, Sur le principe de vie, Opp. Philos. p. 432 (ed. Erd.): 'Les lois de la nature sont faites et appliquées avec tant de sagesse, qu'elles servent à plus d'un fin.' Bolingbroke follows Leibnitz, fragm. 43, Works, vol. 8. p. 179: 'We labour hard, we complicate various means to arrive at one end; and several systems of conduct are often employed by us to bring about some paltry purpose. But God neither contrives nor executes like man. His means are simple, his purposes various; and the same system that answers the greatest answers the least.'

l. 56. *Yet serves to second too some other use.* Hooker, Eccl. Pol. 1. 9. 1: 'For we see the whole world, and each part thereof so compacted that as long as each thing performeth only that work which is natural unto it, it thereby preserveth both other things and also itself.'

ll. 60–68. On this passage see Introd. p. 14.

l. 64. *Ægypt's God*, the sacred bull kept at Memphis, and called Apis by the Greeks.

l. 70. *man's as perfect as he ought.* A principle of the Cartesian school. Regis, Metaphysique, 2. 2. 29: 'Il est trés facile de concévoir que Dieu a pu rendre l'homme plus parfait; mais si l' on veut considérer l'homme, non en lui-même, et séparément du reste des créatures, mais comme un membre de l'Univers, et une partie qui est soumise aux loix generales des mouvemens, on sera obligé de reconnoître que l'homme est aussi parfait qu' il a pu être.' Cf. Leibnitz, Théodicée, § 341.

l. 71. *His knowledge measur'd to his state and place.* Leibnitz, ubi sup.: 'La place que Dieu a assignée á l'homme dans l'espace et dans le temps borne les perfections qu' il a pu recevoir.'

l. 72. Cf. M. Aurelius, Meditations, Collier's Transl. (1701): 'Remember what an atom your person stands for in respect of the universe, what a minute of time comes to your share, and what a small concern you are in the empire of fate.'

l. 73. *If to be perfect in a certain sphere.* This is one of the obscure passages which have been complained of in all Pope's poems. Gray says of The Dunciad (Letter to West), 'The metaphysician's part is to me the worst; here and there are a few ill-expressed lines, and some hardly intelligible.'

ll. 73–76. *If to be perfect . . . . . years ago.* These four lines were in the first edition of 1732 after l. 98. They are irrelevant to the argument, and Pope struck them out accordingly in the edition revised by himself in 1740. Warburton replaced them in the quarto of 1743, in their present position.

l. 75. *The blest to-day is as completely so*, &c. Bayle, Dict. Hist. et Crit., art. 'Pauliciens': 'Si la douleur ou la joie nous étoient communiqués selon le même dégré cent ans de suite, nous serions aussi malheureux, ou aussi heureux, la centième année que le premier jour.' But Pope's immediate source was probably Dryden, Transl. of Lucretius; (Dryden's Works, vol. 12, p. 326):

> 'The man as much to all intents is dead,
> Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
> As he who died a thousand years ago.'

The thesis is as old as Chrysippus (circ. B.C. 250); see Plutarch, De Stoicis Cont. p. 699: *παρὰ τὸν πλείονα χρόνον οὐδὲν μᾶλλον εὐδαιμονοῦσιν, ἀλλ' ὁμοίως καὶ ἐπίσης τοῖς τὸν ἀμερῆ χρόνον εὐδαιμονίας μετασχοῦσιν.*

The sentiment is false, and is justly reckoned among the Stoical quibbles or 'paradoxes.' Moralists have observed this distinction between satisfaction (pleasure) and happiness, that satisfaction is perfect at any given moment, happiness demands a full and completely developed term of existence. Wollaston, on the other hand, asserts that pleasures are greater by mere continuance, Religion of Nature Delineated (1723), p. 59: 'Because all the moments of our pleasure must be in some ratio to those of another pleasure. And if the degrees of intenseness be multiplied by the moments of duration, there must still be some ratio of the one product to the other.'

l. 77. *Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate.* Hor. Carm. 3. 29. 30:

'Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus.'

l. 81. *The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,* &c. Cic. De Officiis, 1. 4: 'Inter hominem et belluam hoc maxime interest, quod haec tantum ad id quod adest, quodque praesens est, se accommodat, paululum sentiens praeteritum et futurum.' D'Israeli, Cur. of Lit. p. 208, compares Dr. King, Mully of Mountown (1704):

'A gentle lamb has rhetoric to plead,
And when she sees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed.'

l. 84. *And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.* Dryden. Transl. of Ovid, Met. 15 (Works, vol. 12, p. 211):

'Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up and from her butcher begs her life.'

l. 85. *Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n.* To escape the many difficulties occasioned by attributing souls to brutes, Cartesianism made them mere machines, and allowed a soul to man only. Pope, in the present passage, gives to brutes sensation, but supposes that the want of the rational soul exempts them from the worst part of suffering—the expectation of evil.

l. 87. *Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,*
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.

The allusion is to the words of Christ, St. Matt. 10. 29: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.' But Pope has omitted the distinction drawn by Christ between the moral value of the rational and the irrational agent. It is perhaps a defect of expression, for Pope seems to say that the ruin of a world is of no more account in the eye of the Supreme Ruler of the universe than the bursting of a bubble. He could not have meant this. What he means is no doubt to inculcate the doctrine of natural religion that Providence extends to the minute as well as to the great. Cf. Plato, Leges, 10. 900 c: *οὐδὲν ἂν εἴη χαλεπὸν ἐνδείξασθαι, κ. τ. λ.*, 'Nor would it be very difficult to demonstrate that the gods are no less careful of small matters than of such as excel in magnitude.'

l. 92. Wait the great teacher death. Imitated by Gifford, Translation of *Juvenal, 10. 70:*

'*Death*, the great teacher, death alone proclaims.'

l. 93. *What future bliss*, i. e. in what future bliss shall consist.

l. 94. *But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.* It has been objected to the sentiment of these lines that Pope has here represented man as enabled to bear the evils of life by aid of a visionary illusive fancy. The objection is unfounded. That we do not know in what happiness hereafter will consist, and yet that we are supported by that hope of an unknown future, is the position of catholic theology. As faith is belief in the unproved, so hope is expectation of the unknown. The incognoscibility of its object is included by S. Thomas in his definition of the theological virtue of Hope, Summa, sec. ii. quaest. 17, art. 2: 'Utrum beatitudo aeterna sit objectum proprium spei?' In Ess. 4. 346, Pope writes less correctly:

'Hope of known bliss and faith in bliss unknown.'

l. 97. *The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,*
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

In the Latin theologians, and the books of devotion with which Pope was familiar, this life is called 'via,'=the pilgrimage; the future life, 'patria,'=the home. Cf. Drummond, Flowers of Sion:

'Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what yet rests thee of life's fleeting day.'

Young, Night Thoughts, Night 1:

'At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down,
Surpris'd, aghast, and wond'ring at her own.'

l. 99. *Lo, the poor Indian!* &c. These fourteen lines have always been justly admired for their exquisite taste and finish. The same illustration recurs Essay 4. 177.

l. 102. *solar walk*=ecliptic; called 'The sun's path.'

l. 111. Alger, Critical Hist. of Doctrine of a Future Life, p. 73: 'Amid the mass of whimsical conceptions entering into the faith of the North American tribes, we find a ruling agreement concerning a future state of existence. Those who have reported their opinions to us, from the earliest Jesuit missionaries to the latest investigators, concur in ascribing to them a deep trust in a life to come, a cheerful view of its conditions, and a freedom from the dread of dying. On the basis of an account written by William Penn, Pope composed the famous passage in his Essay on Man.'

l. 112. *His faithful dog.* Critics have objected to this, that the dog was not a native of the new world. (Warton, Genius, &c., 2. 65.) This is an error. Columbus found two kinds of dog in the West Indies, and Fernandez describes three in Mexico. See Darwin, Animals and Plants under Domestication, c. 1, p. 23.

Cf. Macpherson; Ossian, War of Inisthona, p. 117 (ed. 1762), 'They pursue deer formed of clouds, and bend their airy bow. They still love the sport of their youth, and mount the wind with joy.'

l. 126. *Men would be angels, angels would be gods.* Lord Brooke, Poems (ap. Southey, p. 529):

'Which yet falls more by striving to climb higher;
Men would be tyrants, tyrants would be gods.'

l. 127. *Aspiring to be gods if angels fell.* The fall of the angels has been variously ascribed by the fathers to envy, unbelief, lust, curiosity, &c.

The several opinions are enumerated by S. Bonaventura, in Lib. II Sent. art. i. q. 1. But the prevailing opinion of the majority of the fathers is, that it was occasioned by pride, though they are not agreed as to the mode in which that vice was exhibited. See Petavius, De Dogmat. 3. 2.

ll. 126-128. These lines are cited by Campbell, Philosophy of Rhetoric, 3. 2, as an instance of 'antithesis happily carried through three sentences, where the sentences are not contrasted with one another, but where the same words are contrasted in the different members of each sentence somewhat differently.'

l. 131. *Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,*
Earth for whose use? pride answers, 'tis for mine.

This is a topic on which Bolingbroke is constantly insisting—the error, viz., of assuming that man is the final cause of the universe; e. g. Works, 8. 169, 'Man is the principal inhabitant of this planet. But will it follow from hence, that the system wherein this planet rolls, or this planet alone, was made for the sake of man? Will it follow, that infinite wisdom had no other end in making man, than that of making a happy creature? Surely not. The supposition is arbitrary, and the consequences absurd.' From Bolingbroke Pope perhaps derived the stricture. But it was widely diffused through the philosophic writings of the day, having been embodied by Descartes in his Principia Philosophiae, pars 2ª. 2 (Edinburgh transl., p. 168): 'Though as far as regards morals it may be a pious thought to believe that God made all things for us, and though it is even in some sense true, because there is no created thing of which we cannot make some use, it is yet by no means probable that all things were created for us in this way, that God had no other end in their creation. This supposition would be plainly ridiculous and inept in physical reasoning.' The position was originally derived from the Stoics, see Seneca De Beneficiis, 4. 23, and references, ap. Zeller, Philos. der Griechen, 4. 269. To the same effect Leibnitz, Théodicée, § 194; Ray, Wisdom of God in Works of Creation, p. 167. Cf. Prior, Solomon, pt. 1,

'But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
Their orbs to serve thy use, to please thy pride?'

Pope repeats the remark, Essay 3. 27,

'Has God, thou fool, work'd solely for thy good?'

l. 140. *My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.* Warton thinks this illustration faulty. It might be said in its defence, that the poet purposely puts an exaggeration into the expression of that pride which he is censuring. But we can hardly acquit of bad taste a line, which compels us to remember that Isaiah, 66. 1, had put the same words into the mouth of Jehovah: 'Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is my throne, the earth is my foot-stool.' The blemish is the more unfortunate, as it occurs in one of the most vivid passages of the poem. Boileau is very inferior, Sat. 8. 57,

'Lui
Seul de la nature est la base et l'appui,
Et le dixième ciel ne tourne que pour lui.'

l. 141. The art of Pope's lines will be felt if they are compared with the feeble imitation of Voltaire, Poéme sur la Loi Naturelle, 2ᵉ partie,

'Quand des vents du midi les funestes haleines
De sémence de mort ont inondés nos plaines,

Direz vous que jamais le ciel en son courroux
Ne laissa la santé séjourner parmi nous?'

ll. 142–144. Warton, Genius and Writings, &c., 2. 65. 'These lines are an example of energy of style, and of Pope's manner of compressing together many images without confusion, and without superfluous epithets.'

l. 143. *When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep*, &c. Pope refers to the recent earthquakes in Chili. In Feb. 1732, Chili was visited by an earthquake that lasted twenty-seven days, and swallowed up the whole city of St. Jago, and persons innumerable. The inundation overflowed the city of Conception, and reached as far as Callao, where it mounted the walls and filled the square with water. Toone, Chronolog. Hist. Towns and districts swallowed by the sea form the subject of a chapter in Pliny's Nat Hist., 2. 94.

l. 147. *Th' exceptions few.* This theory was advocated by Malebranche, see his Entretiens Métaphys. 9e Entr. 'God,' he said, 'as perfectly wise, must govern the universe by general laws. The application of these general laws to particular cases may produce what is useless or mischievous, without any impeachment of the goodness or wisdom of the author of the law. He instances rain. It is for the good of the vegetable creation that the rain is distributed over the surface of the globe in obedience to the general laws of mechanics. Yet how often does it fall on deserts, or overflow in destructive inundations.' This is, indeed, the standard doctrine of the schools, S. Thomas Aq. Sum. c. Gent. 3. 71, 'contingit in his quae aguntur et gubernantur a Deo, aliquem defectum et aliquod malum inveniri propter defectum secundorum agentium, licet in ipso Deo nullus sit defectus.'

some change since all began. A little awkward: 'some change there has been since all began.'

ll. 155–170. The doctrine of these lines has been severely censured; by M. de Crousaz on the first publication of the poem, and by others since. The objections may be reduced to three heads. (1) The permission of wicked men cannot be defended by alleging the permission of physical evil. What is required is to reconcile the existence of both with the goodness of God. (2) The lines seem to ascribe moral evil directly to the First Cause. (3) Hume varies objection 2 thus, Essays, vol. 1, p. 187: 'The vices and imperfections of men are comprehended in the order of the universe. Let this be allowed, and my own vices will be also a part of the same order.' To (1) it was replied by Warburton, 'Whether partial moral evil tend to the good of the universe, being a question which, by reason of our ignorance of many parts of that universe, we cannot decide, we can but reason from analogy. It is a thing clear and certain, that partial natural evil tends to the good of our particular system.' On (2) we may say that the mystery of the origin of evil is one which has never been solved. But in ascribing the existence of wicked men to the direct permission of God, Pope is in strict accordance with the language of catholic theology. See the commentators on Prov. 16. 4, Isaiah, 45. 7, Exod. 9. 16. To (3) it has been answered by moralists in all ages, that, however vice may be related to the order of the universe, it is in the individual an object of avoidance, and will be punished both by society and in the way of natural consequence. Dugald Stewart remarks on this passage, Philos. of the Active and Moral Powers, Works, 7. 132, 'The attempt which Voltaire and other sceptics have made to ridicule the scheme of

optimism, has been much facilitated by the confused and inaccurate manner in which it has been stated by some who have propounded it. Among this number we must include Pope, who undoubtedly meant to inculcate this system in its most unexceptionable form, but who has fallen into various unguarded expressions that appear favourable to fatalism.'

l. 156. *Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?* Caesar Borgia, a son of Roderigo Borgia, afterwards (1492) Pope by the name of Alexander VI, whose name has passed into a bye-word as a monster of wickedness. He assassinated his brother, and, himself a cardinal, formed a plot for poisoning nine of the cardinals. The poisoned wine was, in mistake, drunk by himself and his father. The Pope died, but Caesar, owing to his vigorous constitution, recovered. He was killed in battle in 1507.

Lucius Sergius Catilina (died B.C. 62), well known as the author of the conspiracy which bears his name, and of which Sallust has written the history.

l. 160. *young Ammon.* So Spenser, F. Q. 1. 5. 48. Garth, Dispensary, canto 1, l. 45,

'Young Ammon, Caesar, and the great Nassau.'

And Prior, Works, 1. 183. Amun, spelt Ammon by the Greeks, a Libyan deity. Alexander of Macedon, here called 'young Ammon,' made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ammon in the Libyan desert, and was saluted by the priests as the son of their god. Imitated by Byron, Bride of Abydos, canto 2, st. 4,

'Which Ammon's son ran proudly round.'

l. 162. Belsham, Remarks on Pope, Essays, 1. 411: 'Objections are raised against the general order of Providence, from the prevalence of *moral* evil. But if we admit that the existence of *natural* evil is consistent, the existence of *moral* evil cannot be inconsistent, with the perfection of the Divine nature. . . . . The poet so far reasons right, as his reasoning tends to prove that the existence of natural, and the existence of moral, evil are difficulties of the same nature and magnitude; and, whatever will suffice for a solution of the one, will undoubtedly suffice for a solution of the other. But the grand difficulty still remains unsolved, "Whence comes either?"'

l. 193. *Why has not man a microscopic eye?* From Locke, Essay of Human Understanding (1690), bk. 2, ch. 23: 'If man had a microscopical eye, and could penetrate into the secret composition and radical texture of bodies, he would not make any advantage by the change, if such an acute sight would not serve to conduct him to the market and exchange, if he could not see things he was to avoid at a convenient distance,' &c. But the point of Locke's observation is lost in Pope, by the substitution of 'comprehend the heaven,' for Locke's instances of knowledge which is practically useful.

ll. 195–200. These lines are among those of which the construction is declared faulty by the grammarians. *Touch* and *Die* can only be elliptically construed. If Pope had been writing prose, he must have said 'supposing touch were tremblingly alive,' and 'what should we gain by dying of a rose?'

l. 201. *If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears.* Locke again, Essay, 2. 23: '*If our sense of hearing* were but one thousand times quicker than it is, how *would a perpetual noise* distract us? We should in the quietest retirement *be less able to sleep* or meditate, than in the middle of a sea-fight.'

l. 202. *music of the spheres.* That the rotation of the planets was attended with sound, each planet giving a note higher than that next it, and the seven spanning the whole octave, was a fancy of the Pythagoreans. (Pythagoras, fl. circ. Ol. 60, i. e. B.C. 540.) It was already discredited in the time of Aristotle, B.C. 320. Yet it was not wholly abandoned in the sixteenth century, as Kepler seems to indulge in speculations very similar. Kepler, Harmonice Mundi, 1619. In the time of Pope, however, after the Newtonian epoch, the *music of the spheres* could only be referred to as a dream of early astronomy. The conceit is such a favourite, that there is scarce one of our writers in the seventeenth century in prose or verse who does not repeat it. A few references out of many are here set down. The original source is perhaps, the Somnium Scipionis (Cic. de Rep. 6. 18), a favourite book with our classically trained poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The classical passage in English poetry is in the learned comedy of Lingua, ascribed to Antony Brewer, act 3, sc. 7,

'*P.* I hear the celestial music of the spheres
As plainly as ever Pythagoras did.
C. S. How comes it we cannot hear it now?
M. Our ears are so well acquainted with the sound
that we never mark it.'

Cf. Montaigne, Essays, 1. 22; Milton, Hymn on the Nativ. 6. 125; Donne, Devotions, 16; Webster, Dutchess of Malfi, Works, 1. 196 (ed. Dyce); Drummond, Ellis' Spec. vol. 3, p. 78; Sir Thos. Browne, Religio Medici, pt. 2, sec, 9; Merch. of Venice, 5. 1. 61.

The commentators follow Warburton in censuring Pope for illustrating a philosophical argument by the example of an unreal sound. But the censure is misplaced. All such consecrated fictions, though they abound in classical poetry, are false in point of style. But there is no special inappropriateness in the present instance. Pope is putting an imaginary case, and was therefore at liberty to employ a noise of imaginary, or supernatural, intensity.

l. 204. *purling.* 'Purl' denotes the sound caused by the bubbling flow of water. Germ. *perlen* = 'to rise in small bubbles like pearls,' Flüg.; but the connection with 'pearl' is doubtful.

l. 208. *The scale of sensual, mental, pow'rs ascends.* The Cartesian doctrine, which had prevailed during the latter half of the seventeenth century, had drawn an insurmountable barrier between the brute and the human species. According to that doctrine, brutes were automatic machines without the rudiments of a 'soul.' The apparition of the human mind was a miraculous intrusion in nature entirely independent of all phenomena even those of the bodily organization. This metaphysical theory gradually gave way at the beginning of the eighteenth century to the more correct observation of natural groups.

l. 209. *Mark how it mounts,* &c. Observe the exquisite choice of expression in these fourteen lines, which will bear comparison with the most subtle passages of Virgil. The harmony of the whole is interrupted to our ear in l. 223, by the foreign accent on *barrier*—a word which is now thoroughly naturalised and accented on the first syllable.

l. 217. *The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine.* Sir John Davies, *Nosce Teipsum,*

'Much like a subtle spider which doth sit
In middle of her web which spreadeth wide,
If aught doth touch the utmost thread of it
She feels it instantly on every side.'

l. 219. *nice.* Of the various applications of this epithet in Old English, it now retains only two: (1) The objective sense; of things agreeable to the senses, and particularly to that of taste; (2) The subjective sense; of the discriminating faculties when keen and sensitive.

l. 221. *instinct . . . . reason.* Dugald Stewart, Elements, vol. 2, p. 8: '"Reason" was first employed to comprehend the principles, whatever they are, by which man is distinguished from the brutes; and afterwards came to be limited in its meaning by the more obvious conclusions concerning the nature of that distinction, which present themselves to the common sense of mankind. It is in its larger meaning, and not in that to which it is now restricted, that it is opposed to instinct by Pope.'

l. 226. *sense from thought divide,* i. e. sensation from reason.

l. 227. *And middle natures how they long to join.* Creatures intermediate between the fixed grades in the scale of intelligence.

l. 232. *Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?* Dugald Stewart, Elements, vol. 3, p. 274: 'Not that reason is to be considered as the result of a combination of various instincts; but as a power of a superior order, fitted of itself to accomplish all those multifarious ends, to which the infinitely diversified instincts of brutes are subservient.' In this whole train of thought Pope perhaps followed Seneca, Epist. 76: 'Ratio ergo perfecta, proprium hominis est; cetera illi cum animalibus communia. Valet? Et leones. Formosus est? Et pavones. Velox est? Et equi. Non dico in his omnibus vincitur. Corpus habet? Et arbores. Habet impetum et motum voluntarium? Et bestiae. Habet vocem? Sed quanto clariorem canes, acutiorem aquilae, graviorem tauri, dulciorem, mobilioremque lusciniae? Quid in homine proprium? Ratio.' Cf. Shaftesbury, Moralists, pt. 2. § 4; Works, vol. 2. p. 300 (ed. 1723): 'How comes it that in this noblest of creatures (man) she should appear so weak and impotent,' &c. See the whole argument.

l. 237. *Vast chain of being! which from God began.* This idea is of constant recurrence in the poetry of that age. Cf. Thomson, Summer (1727), 333:

'The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From infinite perfection, to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!'

Dryden, Ode on St. Cecilia's Day (1687), 240:

'From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.'

Young, Night Thoughts, Night 1:

'Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain,
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!'

D'Israeli, Cur. of Lit. p. 210, suggests as Pope's immediate source, Waller,

'The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of the world depends,
One link dissolved, the whole creation ends.'
Waller, On the Danger His Majesty Escaped, v. 168.

Pope, perhaps from Bolingbroke, Works, vol. 8, p. 173: 'As there is a gradation of sense and intelligence here from animal beings imperceptible to us for their minuteness without the help of microscopes, and even with them, up to man, in whom, though this be their highest stage, sense and intelligence stop short and remain very imperfect, so there is a gradation from man through various forms of sense, intelligence, and reason, up to beings who cannot be known by us because of their distance from us, and whose rank in the intellectual system is even above our conceptions.'

l. 245. *From Nature's chain whatever link you strike.* Pope is here enunciating the Stoic εἱμαρμένη, which comprehended Being as well as Becoming. See Chrysippus, ap. Aul. Gell. 6. 2. 3; Lucan, 6. 610.

'A prima descendit origine mundi
Causarum series, atque omnia fata laborant
Si quidquam mutasse velis.'

Cf. Marcus Aurelius, De Reb. Suis, 5. 8, πηροῦται τὸ ὁλόκληρον, κ. τ. λ.

l. 251. *Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly.* The verbs 'run' and 'nod' express the consequence of the hypothesis in each case, 'Let earth'—'Let ruling angels.' Manilius, Astronomicon, 2. 71:

'Quod nisi cognatis membris contexta maneret
Machina, et imposito pareret tota magistro,
Non esset statio terris, non ambitus astris,
Haereretque vagus mundus, standoque rigeret,
Nec sua dispositos servarent sidera cursus,' &c.

l. 256. *trembles*, previous editions *tremble;* corrected by Warburton in 1751. The construction is, 'If ruling angels be hurled from their spheres, the effect will be universal confusion throughout the universe.'

l. 265. *Just as absurd, to mourn the task or pains*
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

A sentiment constantly inculcated by Marcus Aurelius, e. g. De Reb. Suis, 10. 28: 'The man who grieves or takes amiss any event whatever, figure such an one to thyself as a pig driven to the altar, resisting and squealing,' &c.

ll. 267–280. Dugald Stewart, Active and Moral Powers; Works, vol. 7, p. 34: 'These lines have been censured by some writers as savouring of Spinozism. I suspect that the authors of this criticism have been but slightly acquainted with Spinoza's writings, otherwise they would never have confounded a system which goes to the complete annihilation of every religious sentiment with a doctrine, which, although somewhat approaching it in phraseology, originated in feelings of deep, if not mystical, devotion. The former explains away the existence of God by identifying Him with matter; the latter gives life and expression to matter, by representing every object as full of God.'

Pope doubtless meant in these lines to express the omnipresence of the Supreme Mind, Creator and Preserver of the universe. Acts 17. 28: 'In

Him we live, and move, and have our being.' 'To become the soul of the world,' says Cardinal Bellarmine, Graduale, Dalton's Translation, p. 196, 'there is no necessity for God to be of one and the same substance with the world; . . . God is absolutely in everything; there cannot possibly be anything where God is not.' S. Jerome, Ad. Marcell. 9. 5: 'In omnibus infusus et circumfusus, ut cuncta penetret interior, et contineat exterior.' An imaginative mind in daily contact with the life of nature, ever varying, yet ever one, is necessarily thrown into this train of sentiment. There is therefore no need to explain its frequent recurrence in poetry by imitation. The Orphic fragment, preserved to us by Aristotle, Περὶ Κόσμου, cap. 7, has, however, been sometimes thought to be the original of Virgil's celebrated lines, Georg. 4. 221:

'Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque tractusque maris, caelumque profundum;
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum,
Quemque sibi tenues nascentem arcessere vitas.'

Cf. Manilius, Astronomicon, 2. 61:

'Namque canam tacita naturae mente potentem,
Infusumque Deum caelo, terrisque, fretoque,
Ingentem aequali moderantem foedere molem.'

Thomson, Seasons, Spring, 849. Anonymous 'modernorum quidam,' ap. Joan. Sarisbur. Polycraticus, 3. 1:

'Vita animae deus est, haec corporis; hac fugiente
Solvitur haec, perit haec destituente Deo.'

Wordsworth, Above Tintern; Works, 2. 163:

'I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfus'd,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.'

Drummond, Hymn to the Fairest Fair:

'All-where diffus'd, yet of this all no part,' &c.

l. 269. *That.* *That* is relative either to *God* or *the soul.* In either case it is the subject of *Warms* and the following verbs; therefore the semicolon at the end of ll. 269, 270, is improper.

l. 275. *Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,*
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart.

Dugald Stewart, Elements; Works, vol. 2, p. 262: 'Alliteration pleases only on slight occasions, when it may be supposed that the mind is in some degree playful, and under the influence of those principles of association which commonly take place when we are careless and disengaged. Every person must be offended with the second line of the (above) couplet, which *forms part* of a very sublime description of the Divine power.'

l. 285. See this topic expanded by Tillotson, Sermons, vol. 1, serm. 83.

l. 286. *secure*, in the sense of 'confident.' Browne's Milton, Clarendon Press Series, i. p. 261. 'Quarles' Enchiridion:

"The way to be safe is not to be secure."

Hamlet's father was murdered in his "secure hour."

"Security is mortal's chiefest enemy."

Macbeth, iii. 5. 32

So Ben Jonson in his epode:

"Men may securely sin, but safely never."'

l. 287. *Safe in the hand of one disposing power.* Dugald Stewart, Active and Moral Powers; Works, 7. 224: 'To the man who believes that everything is ordered for the best, and that his happiness is in the hands of a Being who watches over him with the care of a parent, the difficulties and dangers of life only serve to call forth the latent powers of the soul by reminding him of the prize for which he combats, and of that beneficent Providence by which the conflict was appointed.'

l. 294. *Whatever is, is right.* Hawkins Browne, De Immortal. Animae, (1754), 2. 140:

'si sapiens justusque sit autor
Hunc mundi ornatum qui protulit atque gubernat,
Quodcunque est fit rite, canit prout ille poeta.'

EPISTLE II.

l. 1. *Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,*
The proper study of mankind is man.

Taine, Lit. Angl. 3. 389: 'Le premier vers résume tout le livre précédent, et le second résume tout le livre présent; c'est une sorte d'escalier qui conduit d'un temple à un temple, regulièrement composé de marches symmétriques et si habilement placées, que de la première on aperçoit d'un coup d'œil tout l'édifice qu'on quitte, et que de la seconde on aperçoit d'un coup d'œil tout l'édifice qu'on va visiter.'

This is the oldest dictum of logic or philosophy on record, and was thought so highly of that it was even attributed to the oracle of Apollo. Its original purport was to direct curiosity away from the phenomena of the universe—light, heat, winds, earthquakes, the succession of the seasons, day and night, &c.—as inscrutable, towards life and human affairs. The contrast intended by Pope is between the futility of metaphysical speculation on the attributes of the Deity, and the more profitable employment of the study of man. 'It is a great height of science,' says Richard of S. Victor, De Praeparat. Animi, cap. 75, 'perfectly to know oneself. The full knowledge of the rational spirit is a lofty mountain, from the summit of which we look down on all philosophy.' Pascal, Pensées, 'Si l'homme commençoit par s'étudier lui-même, il verroit combien il est incapable de passer outre.' Cf. Quarles' Hieroglyphics:

'Man is man's A, B, C, there's none that can
Read God aright unless he first spell man.'

Boileau, Epîtres, 5. 26:

'Je songe à me connaître, et me cherche en moi-même
C'est là l'unique étude où je veux m'attacher.'

Wordsworth says, on the other hand,

'The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one
The least of Nature's works.'

l. 3. *Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state.* Cf. Prior, Solomon; Works, vol. 1, p. 283:

'Amid two seas on one small point of land,
Wearied, uncertain, and amaz'd we stand.'

Cowley, Ode on Life:

'Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities.'

l. 8. *In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast.* Cf. Diderot, 'Le cœur humain est tour à tour un sanctuaire et un cloacque.'

l. 14. *abus'd or disabus'd.* Abus'd = deceived. Skelton, Speke Parrot, 376 (before 1520), 'The dull *abusyd* brayne.' So 'abuse,' Quarles' Feast for Worms, Med. 4, 'How full of dangerous and foul *abuse*.' This is one of the few words used by Pope in a sense now obsolete. The French retain it in this sense. *Abuser*, Fr., marks, however, a distinct shade in deception. 'On *trompe* celui qui s'en laisse imposer; on *abuse* celui qui se laisse captiver. Il ne suffit pas d'être détrompé de ce qui nous tient au cœur, il faut en être désabusé.'

l 17. *Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd*, &c. From Pascal, Thoughts, English Translation, 1704. 'What a chimaera is man! What a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth; the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty; the glory and the scandal of the universe!'

l. 20. For the sentiment, cf. Hor. Carm. 1, 28, 4,

'nec quicquam tibi prodest
Aerias tentasse domos, animoque rotundum
Percurrisse polum, morituro.'

l. 22. *Correct old time, and regulate the sun.* Said by Warburton to be an allusion to Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology. Perhaps the reform of the Calendar, which was then under discussion, is meant. The 'Old Style,' which had been disused in the Catholic countries of Europe ever since 1583, was reformed in Germany for the Protestant States at the Diet of Ratisbon, in 1700. The 'New Style' was not introduced into England till 1752.

l. 23. *empyreal.* 'Of the nature of fire.' Gr. ἐμπύριος; Ital. *empireo*. Dante, Infern. 2. 20; 'nell' empireo ciel.' Pope makes it *empýreal*; Gray, Ode for Music, st. 2, and Akenside, Pleasures of Imagination, 1. 259, have *empyréan*; Milton has both. The Greek physicists of later times conceived the earth as the centre of seven spheres; the first contained within the second, the second within the third, and all within the seventh. Of this seventh sphere or heaven the element was 'of the nature of fire.' It was the home of the *divine and eternal* beings. The soul of man, when disengaged by death *from the body*, mounts through the lower spheres to the *empyreal* by the

effect of gravity. It is then in an element of the same nature—fiery ether—as itself. Cf. Cicero, Tusc. Disp. 1. 43. It would seem that this conception of the world is not strictly that of Plato (died B.C. 347), though it is attributed to him by his commentators. The Latin theologians of the middle age made nine spheres, distinguishing the 'fiery' from the 'empyrean.' S. Bonaventure, In 2, Sentent. Dist. 2. p. 2: 'Novem ponuntur caeli largissime accipiendo; aereum, aethereum, igneum, Olympicum, planetarum, firmamentum, aqueum, empyreum, Trinitatis.'

l. 24. *first good.* *First*, i. e. from which all others are derived; type, prototype, model. These 'ideas,' as they were called, had their residence in the highest or 'empyreal' heaven.

fair. It has been said that English has no proper equivalent for the Greek καλόν. 'Fair' is used by our oldest writers in this sense, in which it is now obsolete. One of Drummond's poems is a Hymn on the Fairest Fair. It is an address to God.

l. 25. *mazy.* See Ep. 1. 6.

followers. The Neo-platonic school of philosophers, of whom Ammonius Saccas (died circ. A.D. 250), is usually considered the first, as Plotinus (died A.D. 270) was the most considerable.

l. 26. *And quitting sense call imitating God.* 'Union with God' would be more correct. Plotinus held that the senses (*sense*) could make known to us only the material world. The business of man, or of the philosophic man, was to return to God by virtue, by contemplation, and ecstatic (*quitting sense*) intuition of pure deity. Cf. Parnell, A Night Piece:

'Such joy though far transcending *sense*
Have pious souls in parting hence.'

l. 34. *Newton.* Sir Isaac Newton (died 1727), author of the theory of Universal Gravitation, the greatest scientific discovery ever made. These lines show that Pope in 1733 was aware that the Newtonian system was universally accepted. Yet in the Dunciad, iv. 643 (1742),

'Philosophy that reached the heav'ns before
Shrinks to her hidden cause and is no more,'

he intended a satire on the Newtonian theory. In later editions he altered the phrase into 'second cause,' which he intended as 'a compliment to that divine genius.' No discovery, at once so vast and so novel, ever made its way to acceptance more quickly. The first edition of Newton's Principia was published in 1687. Halley, Wren, and all the leading members of the Royal Society, embraced the system immediately and zealously; and in less than twenty years it was introduced into the Universities of England and Scotland without a struggle. (See Whewell, Hist of Induct. Sciences, 2. 144.)

In celebrating Newton in verse Pope had been anticipated. By Thomson in an Elegy to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton, 1727; by Mallet in The Excursion, canto 2; and by Desaguliers, see Southey, Specimens, 2. 135. He was imitated by Voltaire in his Épître à la Marquise du Châtelet, 1738. Pope's line reads like a travestie of Thomson, who had said with far better taste:

'Whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind.'

Voltaire also appeals to the 'superior beings,' but in a frigid conceit:

'Parlez, du grand Newton n'étiez vous jaloux.'

Byron's allusion, Don Juan, canto 7, st. 5,

'Newton, that proverb of the mind,'

is so ill-expressed, that it is only by aid of the context that we can see it was meant to be a compliment. Goldwin Smith, Lect. on Mod. Hist., 1. 49, 50.

And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape. Cf. Introduct. p. 11; Moral Essays, 3. 4:

'That man was made the standing jest of heav'n.'

Critics have been divided as to the purport of this comparison. Do the 'superior beings' admire the aspiring intelligence, or ridicule the presumption, of man? The words are open to either interpretation. That ridicule is intended might be suspected from the parallelism to Milton, Paradise Lost, 8. 76:

'He his fabric of the heav'ns
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps *to move*
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide;
Hereafter when they came to model heaven
And calculate the stars, how will they wield
The mighty power! how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb!'

For it must be very doubtful if the saying of Heraclitus, brought forward by Hurd, who calls it 'Plato,' was known to Pope. Fragm. Graec. Philos., fr. 43 (ed. Mullach): *ὅτι ἀνθρώπων ὁ σοφώτατος πρὸς θεὸν πίθηκος φανεῖται.* Indeed the analogy that man is to angelic beings what the ape is to man is common enough in satirical writers. Rochester, in his bitter Lines on Sir Car Scrope, says God made a satire

'on man when He made thee;
To shew there were some men as there are apes,
Fram'd for mere sport, who differ but in shapes.'

And Palingenius (i. e. Manzolli, a neo-Latin poet, circ. 1520) has it, Zodiacus Vitae, Virgo, 182:

'Simia caelicolum, risusque jocusque Deorum est
Tunc Homo, cum temere ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita naturae scutari arcanaque Divum.'

And the whole context of the passage in Pope is directed to depreciate the pretensions and humble the aspirations of man. The lines of Pope were probably in Wordsworth's mind when he wrote, Pref. to Lyrical Ballads, p. 347, 'Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?'

l. 44. *pride.* Not vanity, presumption, Fr. *orgueil;* but splendour, magnificence, display, Fr. *faste,* Germ. *pracht.* Common in this sense in the sixteenth and seventeenth century writers, e. g. Spenser, Faery Queene, 1. 12. 14:

'For th' antique world excesse and *pride* did hate.'

Pope has it often, e. g. Odyss. 8:

'*Whose ivory* sheath enwrought with curious pride.'

Cf. Lat. *superbus*, Virg. Aen. 2. 504:

'Barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi.'

l. 46. *learning's luxury, or idleness*, &c. The abuse of learning is said to have been a favourite topic with Pope. He intended to have made it the subject of a separate essay in four epistles, but the intention was never executed. Cf. Palingenius, Zodiacus Vitae, Virgo, 575:

'Quis non esse putet stultum, qui rebus omissis
Utilibus propriisque, aliena et inania quaerit,' &c.

And Montaigne, Essais, 3. 12: 'en curiosité de scavoir, il en est de mesme; l'homme se taille de la besongne bien plus qu'il n'en peult faire, et bien plus qu'il n'en a affaire. . . . . C'est aussi chastrer non appetits desordonnez, d'esmousser cette cupidité qui nous espoinçonne à l'estude des livres; . . . et est richement accomplir le vœu de pauvreté, d'y joindre encores celle de l'esprit.' Montaigne followed his favourite Seneca, who enlarges on the topic, Ep 88. Johnson, Life of Milton, sneers at 'the fantastic luxury of various knowledge.' See also Young's Satires, Sat. 2:

'Study 's the specious trifling of the mind.'

Looking over the history of learning, it is true that there has been much waste of intellectual labour. But over-production seems to be both in nature and art the condition of production. What Cicero says of philosophy may be extended to all knowledge, Tusc. Disp. 2. 1: 'Difficile est pauca esse ei nota cui non sint aut pleraque aut omnia. Nam nec pauca nisi e multis eligi possunt; nec, qui pauca perceperit, non idem reliqua eodem studio persequetur.'

l. 50. *Of all our vices have created arts*, i. e. 'of all those devices of luxury which our vices have created into arts.' *Arts*, i. e. logic, rhetoric, poetry, &c. On the academic sense of the word *arts*, see Sir William Hamilton, Lect. on Metaphys. vol. 1, p. 115.

l. 59. *acts the soul*. Cf. Ess. 3. 315:

'So two consistent motions act the soul.'

Lowth, English Grammar, condemns this use of *act* as a solecism. But though this sense might be lost in Lowth's time, *act*, like Lat. *ago*, was both active and neuter. Cf. Prior, Solomon; Works, 1. 223:

'Should only act and prompt us from within.'

Locke, Essay, 3. 6. 26, has 'acted by;' and Addison, Spectator, 285, 'The ancient criticks who were acted by a spirit of candour.' Bp. Butler, however, Diss. on the Nature of Virtue, uses the modern 'actuate.' 'Brute creatures are impressed and actuated by various instincts and propensions; so are we.'

ll. 61, 62. *Man, but for that, no action could attend,*
And, but for this, were active to no end.

That must refer to self-love, *this* to reason; but the statement that without reason man were *active to no end*, is not strictly correct. In Pope's analysis of moral action, self-love is the moving, and reason the guiding, power. Self-love therefore supplies what is technically called the end, reason directs the means. Perhaps the confusion is with that function of reason described below, l. 74, by which it sees *the future and the consequence*. Bacon, too, De Augment. 6. 3, says, 'Notandum est affectus ipsos ad bonum apparens semper ferri, atque hac ex parte aliquid habere cum ratione commune; verum illud interest, quod affectus intuentur praecipue in praesentia; ratio

prospiciens in longum etiam futurum.' Mr. Mayor, Contemp. Rev. 14. 121, however, thinks *to no end* here may mean 'temere, frustra,' 'to no purpose.'

l. 81. *schoolmen.* In the narrower sense *schoolmen* means the philosophic divines of the middle ages. Hooker, 1. 11. 5, says 'school divines.' Here it is to be taken in the wider sense, all who treat of morals in a technical way proper for the schools and not for the public. Gay, Fables, Introd.,

'A deep philosopher, whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools.'

these friends, i. e. reason and self-love.

l. 82. *More studious to divide than to unite.* Bacon, Adv. of Learn. 1. 4. 6: 'The method of handling of a knowledge among the schoolmen was this; upon every particular position to frame objections, and to those objections, solutions; which solutions were, for the most part, not confutations, but distinctions; whereas indeed the strength of all sciences is, as the strength of the old man's faggot, in the bond.' Cf. Bacon's Essays, 50: 'If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoole-men; for they are "cymini sectores."' Lord Brooke, Of Humane Learning, st. 20:

'From whence wit a distemper of the braine
The Schools conclude; and our capacity
How much more sharpe, the more it apprehends,
Still to distract and less truth comprehends.'

l. 83. *And grace and virtue, sense and reason split. Split*, awkward for 'part.' *sense* = 'the senses,' or the faculties of sensation.

l. 93. *Modes of self-love the passions we may call.* This confusion of thought is found commonly in the popular moralists of the time. Pope might have found it corrected in Butler, Sermons (1726), p. 42, note (ed. Whew.): 'Everybody makes a distinction between self-love and the several particular passions, appetites, and affections; and yet they are often confounded again. That they are totally different will be seen by any one who will distinguish between the passions and appetites themselves, and endeavouring after the means of their gratification.'

l. 94. *'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all.* The passions are not moved by good, which is an idea of the reason, but by their respective objects of desire.

l. 98. *List.* Jer. Taylor, Liberty of Prophesying, 2. § 1: 'We perceive who were *listed* by them in the catalogue of heretics.' Elwin, note in loc.: '*List*, which would probably now be thought a vulgarism, was, in Pope's day, the established word. Our form "enlist" was apparently unknown to Johnson, who did not insert it in his dictionary.'

l. 99. *Those, that imparted*, i. e. the passions when reason is imparted to them. Again the fault of obscurity.

l. 101. *apathy* = insensibility, a state in which the mind is not capable of being moved by an impression. This is the ordinary sense of the word. But the Stoical apathy (ἀπάθεια) was a calm superiority to perturbation, the state of the perfectly disciplined mind, or 'wise' man. The epithet *lazy* is an improper one. Indeed it is the reverse of the truth, as the Stoic philosophy particularly encouraged political life. Hor. 1. Ep. 1. 16:

'*Nunc agilis* fio et mersor civilibus undis,
Virtutis verae custos, rigidusque satelles,'

lines which describe Horace's Stoical fit in contrast with his Epicurean laziness. S. Augustine states the Stoical doctrine correctly, De Civ. Dei, 9. 5: 'Passiones in animum sapientis admittunt, quem vitiis omnibus liberum volunt. Haec ipsa non putant vitia, quando sapienti sic accidunt, ut contra virtutem mentis, rationemque nihil possunt.'

l. 106. *Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.* Alluding to the effect of hurricanes in the tropics in purifying the atmosphere.

l. 108. *card.* Bacon, Essays, 18: 'Let him carry with him also some *card*, or book describing the country.' Adv. of Learn. 2. 23. 46. Carew, Poems, p. 94 (ed. 1824):

'A troop of deities came downe to guide
Our steerlesse barkes in passion's swelling tide
By vertue's carde.'

In this sense we now say 'chart,' following the French form. German has but one sound for both 'chart' and 'card' (pack of cards) 'Karte;' though Goethe sometimes writes 'Charte'-(for 'Karte'). Dyce, Glossary to Shakespeare, quotes Coles' Lat. and Engl. Dict., 'A *sea-card*, charta marina.' Sylvester, Du Bartas, p. 256: 'Such if my *card* and compasse do not fail, we're near the port,' where the original has 'mon quadrant et ma carte marine.' In Macbeth, 1. 3. 17, Clar. Press Series, p. 83, however, the explanation of Dr. Nares is adopted, 'the mariner's compass, or the paper on which the points of the wind are marked.'

Reason the card, but passion is the gale. Fontenelle, Œuvres, 1. 109: 'Ce sont les passions qui font et qui defont tout. Les passions sont chez les hommes des vents qui sont nécessaires, pour mettre tout en mouvement quoiqu'ils causent souvent les orages.'

l. 109. *Nor God alone in the still calm we find.* Perhaps an allusion to Ps. 18. 10, and 1 Kings 19. 12.

l. 118. *the family of pain.* Juvenal, Sat. 10. 218:

'circumsilit, agmine facto,
Morborum omne genus.'

Dryden, State of Innocence, act 5, sc. 1:

'With all the numerous family of death;'

imitated by Gray, Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College,

'The painful family of death.'

l. 121. *The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife*, &c. Ford, Lover's Melancholy, act 4, sc. 3:

'Man in himself contains
Passions of several qualities; the music
Of man's fair composition best accords
When 'tis in concert, not in single strains.'

l. 125. *present . . . . . future.* Present and future pleasures.

l. 126. *The whole employ of body and of mind.* Montaigne, Essays, 1. 19: 'Let the philosophers all say what they will, the main thing at which we all aim, even in virtue itself, is pleasure.'

l. 131. *master-passion.* This idea is further insisted on, Moral Essays, 1. 174, seq.:

'Search, then, the ruling passion; there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known,' &c.

Cf. Bacon, Adv. of Learning, 1. 23. 24, 'Neither is it sufficient to inform ourselves in men's ends and natures of the variety of these only, but also of the predominancy, what humour reigneth most, and what end is principally sought.'

l. 132. *Aaron's serpent.* Bacon, Adv. of Learning, 2. intr. 14, uses the same illustration, but, by a lapse of memory, says, 'Moses' serpent.'

l. 133. *As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath*
Receives the lurking principle of death.

Manilius, Astronomicon, 4. 16:

'Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet.'

Seneca, Herc. Fur. act. 3, v. 874:

'Prima quae vitam dedit hora carpsit.'

l. 144. *peccant part.* Dryden, Juvenal, 10. 489:

'one with cruel art
Makes Colon suffer for the peccant part.'

l. 150. *this weak queen*, i. e. reason.

l. 153. *Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend.* Jeremy Taylor, Doctrine of Repentance, c. 8, § 1: 'The old philosophers said that virtue was nothing else but a disposition and force of reason; yet this reason served to little other purposes, but to upbraid our follies and infelicities, and to make our actions punishable by representing them to be unreasonable.'

l. 167. *Like varying winds by other passions tost.* Other passions like shifting winds toss us hither and thither.

l. 168. *This drives them constant to a certain coast.* Dugald Stewart, Active and Moral Powers, vol. 1. p. 17: 'According to the particular active principle which influences habitually a man's conduct, his character receives its denomination of covetous, ambitious, studious, or voluptuous; and his conduct is more or less systematical as he adheres to his general plan with steadiness or inconstancy. A systematical steadiness in the pursuit of a particular end, while it is necessary for the gratification of our ruling passion, is far more favourable to the general improvement of the mind than the dissipation of attention resulting from an undecided choice among the various pursuits which human life presents to us.'

l. 174. *All, all alike, find reason on their side.* La Rochefoucauld, Pensées, p. 336 (ed. 1777): 'La raison se met souvent du côté du plus fort passion; il n'y a pas de violent passion qui n'ait sa raison pour s'autoriser.'

l. 181 and fol. The passions are the stock on which the virtuous habits are grown.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear.

This is very negligently worded. It is the *savage stock*, not the *fruit*, which is *ungrateful* (= Lat. *ingratus*) and which learns to bear by being grafted upon.

l. 189. *Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd*, &c.

'Ce qui épaisse paraît grossière
Bien coulée à toute femme sait plaire.

l. 195. *Thus nature gives us*, &c. There is a confusion, but of expression only, here. He has just represented virtue as a creation of culture upon the natural passion. What is given by nature, therefore, is the passion; what *is* ours, is the virtuous disposition created upon the passion by reason.

l. 196. The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd. Pope, ap. Spence, Anecdotes, 'As L'Esprit, La Rochefoucauld, and that sort of people, prove that all

virtues are disguised vices, I would engage to prove all vices to be disguised virtues. Neither indeed is true; but this would be a more agreeable subject, and would overturn their whole scheme.'

l. 199. *The fiery soul.* Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. 1:

'A fiery soul which working out its way.'

l. 199, &c. *Nero—Titus—Catiline—Decius—Curtius.* The historical references require no explanation. There is no special propriety of allusion. Hence the passage is weak; we feel that many other names would have served the purpose as well.

l. 204. *The God within the mind.* Not, as Warburton explains, 'a Platonic phrase for conscience,' but 'reason,' as above, l. 197. Cf. Marcus Aurelius, De Reb. Suis, 27: δαίμων, οὗτος ἐστιν ὁ ἑκάστου νοῦς καὶ λόγος.

l. 217. *Vice is a monster of so frightful mien.* Cf. Plato's saying of philosophy, Phaedrus, p. 250 d, transferred by Cicero to virtue, De Officiis, 1. 5: 'Formam et tanquam faciem honesti vides; quae si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores, ut ait Plato, excitaret sapientiae.' Whence Milton, Paradise Lost, 4. 849:

'Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely;'

and Dryden, Hind and Panther, 1. 32:

'For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.'

ll. 249–252. That society originated in mutual need was observed in the infancy of political theory. The principle may be found stated in philosophers of every shade of opinion, e. g. Hooker, Eccl. Pol. 1. 10. 1; Shaftesbury, Characteristics, vol. 2, p. 308; Hobbes, Leviathan. In these four lines of Pope it is expressed with a condensed energy which it would be difficult to improve upon. Dugald Stewart, Active and Moral Powers, Works, 6. 139, contrasts this passage with the well-known lines of Lucretius, 5. 223, 'Tum porro puer,' &c.

l. 259. *Taught half by reason, half by mere decay.* Montaigne, Ess., vol. 1, p. 78 (Cotton's transl.): 'By how much I have less to do with the commodities of life, by reason I begin to lose the use and pleasure of them, by so much I look upon death with less terror and amazement.' Cf. Keble, Christian Year, All Saints' Day:

'Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men when age is won.'

Pope writes to Martha Blount, Sept. 1733, 'Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all down hill; and one almost wishes the journey's end.' Juvenal, Sat. 10. 358:

'Qui spatium vitae extremum inter munera ponat
Naturae.'

Seneca, Ep. 30: 'Mortem venientem nemo hilaris excipit, nisi qui se ad eam diu composuerit.'

l. 268. *sot*, here = 'drunkard,' though often employed by contemporary writers in the French sense of 'fool,' e. g. Young, Satires, Sat. 2:

'Solemnity 's a cover for a *sot*,
I find the fool, when I behold the skreen.'

l. 272. *And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend.* 'Pride' = 'self-esteem,' 'self-satisfaction.' La Rochefoucauld, Thoughts, No. 4: 'Nature, who so wisely has fitted the organs of our body to make us happy, seems likewise to have bestowed pride on us, on purpose, as it were, to save us the pain of knowing our own imperfections.' This subject is pursued by Helvetius, De l'Esprit (1758), 2. 4.

l. 275. *Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw.* Cf. Garth, Dispensary, canto 5, l. 101:

> 'Children at toys, as men at titles aim;
> And in effect both covet but the same.
> This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years,
> And first for rattles, then for worlds, shed tears.'

Hutcheson, Of the Passions, p. 1317: 'We once knew the time when a hobby-horse, a top, a rattle, was sufficient pleasure to us. We grow up, we now relish friendships, honour, good offices, marriage, offspring, serving a community or a country.' The well-known lines of Horace, A. P. 166, are thus reproduced again and again. Warton considers that Pope had not seen Hutcheson's books. But Spence, Anecdotes, p. 165, reports a remark of Pope which implies that he was not unacquainted with their contents.

l. 279. *scarfs.* *Scarf*, in the sense of a badge of honour, was in Pope's day appropriated to doctors of divinity. The Spectator, No. 21, compares bishops, deans, and archdeacons, to generals; doctors of divinity, and all that wear *scarves*, to field-officers; and the rest of the clergy to subalterns. Id. No. 609, complains of its promiscuous use by young divines after their first degree at the university, who wish to pass themselves off as doctors of divinity.

garters, i. e. the insignia of orders of knighthood.

l. 280. *beads*, i. e. the rosary, a string of beads employed to reckon the number of paternosters and aves said. Fr. *rosaire;* 'bead' is from A.S. *gebed, bede* = 'prayer.' See Morris, Chaucer, Gloss., s. v.

And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age. Cf. Byron, Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte, st. 8:

> 'The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
> Had lost its quickening spell,
> Cast crowns for rosaries away,
> An empire for a cell;
> A strict accountant of his beads,
> A subtle disputant on creeds,' &c.

EPISTLE III.

l. 1. *Here then we rest.* An improvement upon the early editions, 'Learn, dulness, learn.' Crousaz thinks the pretension to know the one end to which the universal cause acts, inconsistent with Essay, 1. 21:

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.'

l. 2. *Acts to one end.* i. e. 'the general good,' see l. 14.

l. 3. *madness of superfluous health.* Habington, Castara, p. 1013 (Southey, Poets):

'How soon she leaves the pride of wealth
The flatteries of youth and health.'

l. 4. *The trim of pride.* Wedgwood; 'trim, adj. what is properly decked out; to trim a garment is to set it in order, to give it the necessary ornaments to set it off.' Milton, Comus, 120, 'Daisies trim;' as subst. Ode to Nature, 33:

'Nature had dofft her gaudy trim.'

l. 9. *plastic.* Gr. πλαστικός. Johnson: 'having the power to give form.' Dunciad, 1. 101:

'So watchful Bruin forms with *plastic* care
Each growing lump and brings it to a bear.'

It is an error to use this word, as is now not unfrequently done, in a passive sense for 'ductile.' Webster, Malcontent, vol. 4, p. 49 (ed. Dyce), has 'plastick' subst. in the sense of a clay mould.

l. 10. An accurate statement of the attraction of cohesion.

l. 13. *See matter next, with various life endu'd.* i. e. organised bodies in contrast to the single atoms of which inorganic bodies are composed.

l. 14. *Press to one centre.* Here is a confusion of thought. The centre to which atoms press is a material centre; the living beings with which the earth is peopled can only metaphorically be said to concur to a moral centre as contributing to the good of the whole.

l. 15. *See dying vegetables life sustain.* Shaftesbury, Characteristics, vol. 2, p. 215: 'The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodys dissolv'd enrich the earth and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduc'd by the superior kinds of birds and beasts, and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form a sacrifice in common to the rest of things.' Pope's statement of the cycle of life does not yield in beauty of expression to Lucretius, 2. 70 seq., itself perhaps suggested by Plato, Legg. 6, p. 776 b.

l. 19. *Like bubbles on the sea of matter born.* Leibnitz, Théodicée, § 8: According to some peripatetics, 'les âmes des animaux naissent en se détachant comme des gouttes de leur océan, et elles périssent en se rejoignant à l'océan des âmes quand le corps est défait comme les ruisseaux se perdent dans la mer.' So the Vishnu Purana: 'As the drops of water raised from the earth by the wind sink into the earth again, when the wind subsides, so the variety of gods, men, and animals, which have been detached by the agitation of the qualities, are reunited, when the disturbance ceases, with the Eternal. The whole obtains its destruction in God like bubbles in water.' Cf. Young, Satires, Sat. 2 ult.:

'For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell and are no more,
Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour.'

And Henry King (Beaumont), King's Poems, p. 119:

'Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,
E'en such is man.'

l. 27. *Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good?* Cf. Essay, I. 131 note. Maimonides (died A.D. 1205) had already employed this as an answer to similar objections. Leibnitz, Théodicée, § 262: 'La cause de leur erreur est qu'ils s'imaginent que la nature n'a été faite que pour eux, et qu'ils comptent pour rien ce qui est distinct de leur personne; d'où ils inférent que quand il arrive quelque chose contre leur grè, tout va mal dans l'Univers.'

l. 33. *Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?* Imitated by Gray, Ode to Spring, l. 5: 'The Attic warbler pours her throat.'

Pope more correctly *his throat*, the female bird having no song. Milton errs in the same way, Par. Lost, 4. 600:

'All but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung.'

Milton, P. L. 7. 438, makes the swan feminine, for which he is reprehended by Bentley as against the usage of both Greek and Latin. To 'pour' song, or sound, is an expression used by many poets after Simonides of Ceos, Fr. 150. 8, ἡδὺ πνεῦμα χέων. Note the exquisite refinement by which 'to pour his note' is raised into *pour his throat:* any harshness of the metaphor being subdued by the repetition of the idea in the next line, *swell the note.* Cf. Collins, Ode to Liberty, st. 2, 'pour'd his soul.'

l. 46. '*See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose.* Charron, Of Wisedome, ch. 40, Lennard's translation: 'Man beleeveth that the heaven, the starres, all this great celestiall motion of the world is onely made for him. He stickes not to say that he enjoyeth the heavens and the elements, as if all had been made, and still more, onely for him. In this sense a gosling may say as much, and perhaps more justly, more peremptorily.' Cudworth, Intellectual System of the Universe, p. 875: 'The atheist supposes that, according to the general persuasion of theists, the world and all things therein were created only for the sake of man. But this seemeth at first to have been an opinion only of some straitlaced stoicks, though afterward recommended to others also by their own self-love, their overweening and puffy conceit of themselves. And so fleas and lice, had they understanding, might conclude the bodies of other greater animals and men also to have been made only for them.' This is the moral of Gay's Fable, 49, 'The Man and the Flea.'

l. 48. *Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.* Cf. the celebrated passage of Plato, De Legg, p. 903 b, ὧν ἓν καὶ τὸ σὸν μόριον εἰς τὸ πᾶν ξυντείνει βλέπον ἀεί, κ. τ. λ. Jowett's transl.: 'One of these portions of the universe is thine own, stubborn man, which, however little, has the whole in view, and you do not seem to be aware that this and every other creation is for the sake of the whole, and in order that the life of the whole may be *blessed,* and that you are created for the sake of the whole, and not the whole *for the sake of you.*'

l. 49. *Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul.* Harrington, Oceana, p. 52 (ed. 1771): 'There be who say that let a commonwealth be as equal as you can imagine, two or three men, when all is done, will govern it. To which I answer . . . .'

l. 50. *wit and tyrant. Wit* = intelligence, as below, l. 231. Though, according to the eternal order, all things are to work together for good, yet it must be granted that man, the only being endued with reason, has made himself absolute master of the rest. But then this despotic power is administered for the good of the whole. Cf. the clown's reply to Pythagoras in Gay, Fable 36:

'"Hold," cries the clown with passion heated,
"Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord."'

l. 51. *be only knows,*
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.

Law, Note on King, Origin of Evil, p. 117 (ed. 1758): 'They who imagine that all things in this world were made for the immediate use of man alone, run themselves into inextricable difficulties. Man, indeed, is the head of this lower part of the creation, and perhaps it was designed to be absolutely under his command. But that all things here tend directly to his use is not easy to be proved. Some manifestly serve for the food and support of others. . . . They are intended to promote each other's good reciprocally. Nay, man himself contributes to the happiness and betters the condition of brutes in several respects, by cultivating and improving the ground, by watching the seasons, by protecting and providing for them, when they are unable to protect and provide for themselves.'

l. 55. *the jay.* The jay (*Corvus glandarius*, Linn.) may be classed among omnivorous birds. Selby, Ornithology: 'Its food consists of acorns, beech-mast, grain, and various products of the garden, amongst which cherries and pease are particular favourites. It also devours insects and worms.'

l. 56. *Or bears the hawk when Philomela sings?* Cf. Hesiod. Op. et Dies, 205.

Philomela. The nightingale (*Sylvia luscinia*) acquired the name in the Latin (not in the Greek) poets, by the adoption of one particular version of the legend of Procne and Philomela, which is very variously told. From the Latin poets it was transmitted, as part of the poetical vocabulary, through the Italians to the rest of Europe. Milton has 'Philomel,' Penseroso, 56: 'Less Philomel will deign a song.'

l. 65. *Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast.* That the slaughter of animals for food is consistent with the good of the whole is argued by Abp. King, Origin of Evil, p. 164: 'God could have created an inanimate machine which might have supplied men with such food, but one that is animated does it much better and with more ease. A being that has life is preferable to one that has not; God therefore animated that machine which furnishes out provision for the more perfect animals; by this means he gained so much life to the world as there is in those animals which are food to others. An ox or a calf is bred, nourished, and protected, in order to become fit food for man.'

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of the natural theologian has been to reconcile the facts of the treatment of the lower animals by man with the theory of optimism. The question had been a prominent one in the discussions of the Greek philosophers. It had slept through the Middle Ages, but was inevitably revived on the revival of philosophy in the seventeenth century. There are three principal opinions on the subject. (1) That which condemns altogether the use of animal food. This is the opinion advocated by some of the leading Greek writers, e. g. Theophrastus, Plutarch, Porphyrius. (2) The hypothesis that brutes were animated machines, and destitute of sensation,—the Cartesian tenet. (3) The view here adopted by Pope. The history of opinion on the subject is given, but very imperfectly, by Guer, Histoire Critique de l'Ame des Bêtes, 2 tomes, 1749, and by Ribovius in his edition of Rorarius, 1728. The best discussion of the ancient theory is that of Bernays, Theophrastos über Frömmigkeit, Berlin, 1866. Lecky has touched upon the sentiment of the Middle Ages, European Morals, 2. 171.

l. 68. *touch.* A Latinism; 'de caelo tactus,' 'struck by lightning.' The expression 'touch ethereal' is borrowed from Milton, Samson Agon. 549, but in Milton it is applied to the rays of the rising sun.

favour'd man. Pope has this note: 'Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.' I cannot discover on what Pope grounds this statement. It is in direct opposition to the Greek sentiment, which regarded lightning as the instrument of Jove's wrath, and the *κεραυνωθέντες* as the objects of his punishment. A statement is ascribed to Plutarch to the effect that 'persons struck with lightning were held in honor.' But this is an error. Plutarch says nothing of the kind. Mr. Westcott suggests that Pope was misled by a note of Joshua Barnes on Eurip. Suppl. 935, and the ambiguity of the Latin word 'sacer.' Or is it only a confusion of the *ἀγανὰ βέλεα* of Apollo (Il. 24. 759, Od. 15. 409) with lightning? It was a fixed idea with Pope. He employs it again; Epitaph in Stanton Harcourt Church:

'Victims so pure, Heav'n saw well-pleased,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.'

l. 71. *To each unthinking being, heav'n a friend.* That the fear of death does not mar the happiness of the living had been argued before, Essay, 1. 77.

l. 76. *Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.* Bulstrode, Essays, p. 384 (1715): 'There is hardly any man so old but he may hope for one day more yet; and the longest life is but a multiplication of days.'

l. 77. *Great standing miracle!* The *miracle*, or paradox of the understanding, is that while man is the only animal whose faculties enable him to apprehend the certain approach of death, his action is not paralysed by it. Cicero gives reasons for this paradox, Tusc. Quaest. 1. 38: 'Non deterret sapientem mors, quae propter incertos casus quotidie imminet, propter brevitatem vitae nunquam longe potest abesse, quominus in omne tempus reipublicae suisque consulat, et posteritatem ipsam, cujus sensum habiturus non *sit*, ad se putet pertinere.'

l. 79. instinct. Instinct is defined by Bain, 'untaught ability;' by Paley, *Nat. Theol. ch. 18*, 'a propensity prior to experience and independent of *instruction.*' In Pope's use of the term a propension as well as an ability is

intended. The various theories of instinct are discussed by Kirby, Bridgwater Treatise, vol 2, p. 220; Spence, Introduction to Entomology; Macculloch, Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God, vol. 1, p. 509 sq.; Max Müller, Science of Language, Ser. 1, Lect. 9; and most fully by Darwin, Descent of Man, pt. 1, ch. 2, 3. Cf. note on Essay, 1. 221.

l. 83. *Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide*, &c. Charron, De la Sagesse, c. 34. 5, argues the superior advantages of instinct over reason as a guide of life. Cf. Young, Night Thoughts, 7:

'Reason progressive, instinct is complete;
Swift instinct leaps, slow reason feebly climbs.
. . . . . .
Instinct far better; what can choose, can err;
O, how infallible the thoughtless brute!'

l. 86. *prest*. The antithesis to *volunteer*, l. 88, shews that *prest* is here to be taken in the sense of 'forced into service.' In this sense, according to Wedgwood, the word is derived from 'prest-money,' the earnest-money received by a soldier taking service. At a later period the practice of taking men for the public service by compulsion, made the word be understood as if it signified to force men into the service, and the original reference to earnest-money was lost sight of.

l. 97. *raise*. 'Exalt,' 'commend.' Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel:

'Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd.'

Pope, Prol. to Sat. 211:

'While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.'

rise in Warburton ed. 1751, is an error of press.

l. 98. *In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man*. Hooker, Eccl. Pol. 1. 6. 2, explains the superior sagacity of brutes: 'Beasts, though otherwise behind men, may notwithstanding, in actions of sense and fancy, go beyond them: because the endeavours of nature, when it hath a higher perfection to seek, are in lower the more remiss, not esteeming thereof so much as those things do which have no better proposed unto them.' Descartes, to explain the same fact, had supposed brutes to be animated machines, Discourse of Method, 5: 'Though there are many animals which manifest more contrivance than we in certain of their actions, this does not prove that they are endowed with mind. For it would thence follow that they possessed higher reason than any of us, and could surpass us in all things. It rather proves that they are destitute of reason, and that it is nature which acts in them according to the disposition of their organs. Thus a clock composed of wheels and weights can measure time more exactly than we, with all our forethought.' Pope here follows the received opinion of catholic divines. This is stated in the Nouveaux Essais de Morale (1686): 'La raison qui opère dans les bêtes n'est pas en elles, c'est comme dit S. Thomas après tous les anciens pères, la souveraine et eternelle raison de l'Ouvrier suprême qui conserve ses ouvrages, et qui les conduit aux fins pour lesquels il les a crées par des ressorts secrets qu'il a mis en eux.'

l. 99. *nations*. So the Latin poets 'gentes.' Cf. Hoole, Tasso 16. 116, 'feather'd nations.' Giles Fletcher has it of plants, Christ's Triumph, pt. 3:

'Nettles, kix, and all the weedy nation.'

Who taught the nations of the field and flood. So 2nd ed., 1735.

In 1736 the old reading, *wood*, came back, but with an erratum, 'for *wood* read *flood*.' Georgius Pisides, Hexaemeron, 1137:

Τίς τὴν μέλιτταν, τὴν σοφὴν, τὴν ἔργατιν
Γεωμετρεῖν ἔπεισε, καὶ τριωρόφους
Οἴκους ἐγείρειν ἐξαγώνων κτισμάτων.

Cf. Prior, Solomon, 1:

'Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive.'

The reasoning here requires attention. The effects of animal instinct may be employed as evidence either of a contriving mind, or of a providential care, in the Creator. They are here adduced in neither point of view, but to shew the equable distribution of the means by which the great end of the universe is attained; that means being, reason in man, instinct in animals.

l. 104. *De Moivre.* Moivre, Abraham (he appears not to have been entitled to the De), a French Protestant (born 1667, died 1754). Driven from his native country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he took up his residence in London, and became an intimate friend of Newton, and Fellow of the Royal Society. He had recently published (Lond. 1730) Miscellanea Analytica de seriebus et quadraturis. His principal work, The Doctrine of Chances, had been published in 1716. He also revised the Latin translation of Newton's Optics. Todhunter, Theory of Probabilities, p. 135, says: 'It is recorded that Newton, in the later years of his life, used to reply to inquirers, "Go to M. De Moivre, he knows these things better than I do." In the long list of men ennobled by genius, virtue, and misfortune, who have found an asylum in England, it would be difficult to name one who has conferred more honour on his adopted country than De Moivre.'

l. 105. *The stork.* Cf. Milton, Paradise Lost, 7. 425:

'Part more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying.'

The stork (*Ciconia alba*) arrives in Europe before the middle of April. It winters in North Africa, Egypt, &c. Their congregating before departure is a striking phenomenon, which in early times attracted the attention of naturalists. It is described by Pliny, Hist. Nat. 10. 31. Perhaps Pope had read the description of Shaw, Travels, 2. 167.

ll. 109–114. Hooker, Eccl. Pol. 1. 3. 5: 'We must further remember that as natural agents have their law, which law directeth them in the means whereby they tend to their own perfection, so likewise another law there is which toucheth them, as they are sociable parts united into one body; a law which bindeth them each to serve unto others good, and all to prefer the good of the whole before whatsoever their own particular.'

l. 112. *mutual.* *Mutual* happiness, i. e. reciprocal, derived by each from the other. Gray's use of the term, Fragm. on Ed. and Gov. l. 36:

'While mutual wishes mutual woes endear,'

is not correct. That in which two or more have a share is not **mutual, but common.**

l. 115. ether. For the meaning of ether in the natural philosophy of the

period, see Ray, Wisdom of God in Works of Creation, p. 51 (ed. 1692): 'The universe is divided into two sorts of bodies, the one very thin and fluid, the other more dense, solid, and consistent; the thin and fluid is the ether, comprehending the air or atmosphere encompassing the particular stars and planets.'

keeps—breathes—shoots—pours. All predicates of *ether*. Pope here adopts, or employs for the moment, the notion that all life on the globe is derived from the warm ether diffusing itself through all nature. Ellis, Preface to Bacon's Philos. Works: 'That all bodies are animated, that a principle of life pervades the whole universe, and that each portion, beside its participation in the life of the world, has also its proper vital principle, are doctrines to which in the time of Bacon (died 1626) the majority of philosophical reformers were strongly inclined.' As a physiological explanation of the origin of life, the notion had originated with the Stoics, see Zeller, Phil. der Griech. v. 4. 180. Pope perhaps had in view Virgil, in a celebrated passage, Aen. 6. 728:

'Inde hominum pecudumque genus vitaeque volantum,
Et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.'

and Georg. 4. 220:

'Esse apibus partem divinae mentis et haustus
Aetherios.'

l. 119. *all that roam the wood,*
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood.

Cf. Boileau, Sat. 8. 1:

'De tous les animaux qui s'élevent dans l'air,
Qui marchent sur la terre, ou nagent dans le mer.'

l. 125. *their common charge attend. Attend* used transitively, Bacon, Advancement of Learning, 2. 13. 3: 'They reputed the attending the inductions whereof we speak, as if it were a second infancy or childhood.' Sir H. Wotton has 'attend of.' Poems of Wotton and Raleigh, p. 34:

'There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.'

l. 127. *wander earth.* This construction is found even in prose, Harrington, Oceana, p. 42 (ed. 1771): 'We have wandered the earth to find out the balance of power.'

l. 134. *interest.* Utility, as opposed to disinterested *love*. Reason and reflection come in, in the human parents, to improve and extend the natural instinct and affection which bind them to their offspring.

l. 135. *With choice we fix. Fix*, intransitive. Cf. Young, Night Thoughts, 2, of the choice of friends:

'Not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix.'

Active, Pope, Essay, 4. 44:

'Seek an admirer or would *fix* a friend.'

l. 136. *Each virtue in each passion takes its turn.* To be explained by Essay, 2. 183:

'The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.'

Cf. also Essay, 2. 100.

l. 138. *That graft benevolence on charities.* Charities seem here to be

used for the instincts of affection; *natural love*, l. 140, on which are founded the benevolent virtues. Cf. Bacon, Advancement of Learning, 2. 22. 15: 'If a man's mind be truly inflamed with charity, it doth work him suddenly into greater perfection than all the doctrine of morality can do, which is but a sophist in comparison of the other.'

l. 146. In this elaborate analysis of the origin of society, its threefold source, (1) Instinctive gregariousness, (2) Natural affection, (3) Experience of utility, seems justly indicated. The first and third are always put forward together by the Greek theorists, who characteristically lay little or no stress on the second. See Aristot. Pol. 3. 6. 3: 'Man is by nature a sociable animal; whence it is that men, though needing nothing of each other, desire nevertheless to live together.'

l. 147. This picture of the state of nature is a striking instance of the indecision of view in Pope's philosophy, and of the way in which what he thinks, or says, on such topics, is governed by considerations of poetical effect. See Introduct. p. 13.

blindly. The emphasis is on *blindly.* 'The state of nature was not a chance medley of individuals, but a government by constituted authority.' On the various forms of the theory of the state of nature and the social pact, see Austin, Province of Jurisprudence Determined, p. 281.

l. 148. *Self-love and social at her birth began.* A very awkward line: *her* refers to nature; *self* and *social* to *love.* The latter ellipsis is repeated again, Essay, 3. 317.

l. 150. *Union the bond of all things, and of man.* The expression is tautological. What is meant is (see Essay, 3. 111), that what cohesion of particles is in the material world, that, the social instinct is in the moral. Aristot. Pol. 1. 2. 10: *πολιτικὸν ὁ ἄνθρωπος ζῷον πάσης μελίττης, καὶ παντὸς ἀγελαίου ζῴου μᾶλλον.* Mr. Eaton (on Pol. 3. 6. 3) quotes Wordsworth, Excursion, 4:

> 'Creatures that in communities exist
> Less, as might seem, for general guardianship,
> Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
> Than by participation of delight,
> And a strict love of fellowship combined,' &c.

l. 152. The most ancient description of the golden age is that of Hesiod, Op. et Dies, 102–126. Cf. Hall, Satires, bk. 3. Sat. 1. For a philosophical employment of the fancy, see the dialogue of Fr. Hemsterhuys, Alexis ou l'Age d'Or (1787).

l. 154. *No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.* The classical tradition represents abstinence from animal food not as the condition of primeval innocence, but as having been first inculcated, along with elementary civilisation, by Pythagoras. Cf. Ovid. Met. 15. 75:

> 'Parcite mortales dapibus temerare nefandis
> Corpora,' &c.

The Saturnian age of Aratus, or Virgil, Georg. 2. 537:

> 'Ante
> Impia quam caesis gens est epulata juvencis,'

seems to be a theory of the origin of society taken up by the poets for purposes of ornament.

l. 156. *All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God.* Perhaps suggested by Milton, Par. Lost, 4. 675 :

'Nor think though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise,' &c.

Cf. Ps. 148. 10.

ll. 161–168. These lines are a study of terse and condensed expression.

l. 162. *Of half that live the butcher and the tomb.* Gay, Fable 36 :

'Think how the glutton man devours!
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou perhaps, carnivorous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner.'

the tomb. Lucretius, 5. 993 :

'Viva videns vivo sepeliri viscera busto.'

l. 165. *just disease.* Thomson, Seasons; Spring, 340 :

'For with hot ravin fired, ensanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse.'

That disease of body and mind—*fury-passions*—originated in animal food had been maintained by many of the Greek schools, e. g. the Orphic, the Pythagorean. Xenocrates and Polemo, academics, each wrote against animal food. See Clemens Alex. Strom. 7. 32. The Bassari, a Thracian people, were fabled to have been driven into madness and cannibalism by the taste of flesh. Theophrastus, ap. Porphyr. De Esu Animal. l. 2. Pope, we know, did not really entertain any such belief, and only employs it as a topic of ornament. Thus it is that a false air is thrown over a subject, in which the earnestness of truth is imperatively required.

l. 167. *fury-passions.* Imitated by Gray, Distant Prospect of Eton Coll. 61:

'These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind.'

l. 168. *a fiercer savage.* J. B. Mayor, Contemp. Rev. 14. 122. '*Savage* means 'wild beast,' as in 3. 65 :

'He saves from famine, from the savage saves.'

The general meaning is, 'men by the indulgence of their passions become *fiercer*, and more dangerous to each other, than wild beasts.'

l. 169. *See him from nature rising slow to art!* Bacon, De Augmentis, 5. 2 (Shaw's transl.) : 'Those who write upon the first inventors of things, and the origin of the sciences, bring in beasts, birds, fishes, and serpents, rather than men, as the first teachers of art. . . . We are rather beholden to the wild-goat for chirurgery, to the nightingale for music, to the stork for glysters . . . . rather than to logic. Who taught the raven in a drought to drop pebbles into a hollow tree, where she chanced to spy water, that the water might rise for her to drink? Who taught the bee to sail through the vast ocean of air to distant fields, and to find the way back to her hive? Who taught the ant to gnaw every grain of corn that she hoards, to prevent its sprouting?' On the arts in general being an imitation of the procedures of nature, see Hippocrates, vol. 6, p. 486 (ed. Littré).

l. 171. *Thus then to man the voice of nature spake.* Nature is personified, and made to address man, in imitation of Lucretius, 3. 944:

'Si vocem rerum natura repente
Mittat, et hoc alicui nostrum sic increpet ipsa.'

l. 177. *little nautilus.* Pope, in a note, refers to Oppian, Halieut. 1. [350], as his authority for the nautilus. Brotier thinks that Oppian copied Pliny, Nat. Hist. 9. 47, though the suggestion that navigation originated in observation of the nautilus, is original in Oppian. It is the *Nautilus argonauta* of Linnæus. It does not use its arms as sails; but it sometimes uses them as oars when it wishes to progress slowly, while floating on the surface of the sea. See Woodward, Manual of Mollusca, p. 163.

l. 179. *all forms of social union.* The beaver, the lemming, the bee, the wasp, ant, white ant, besides others, form associations to build and inhabit a common house, and rear a common family.

l. 193. *And right, too rigid, harden into wrong.* Cicero, Offic. 1. 10: 'Ex quo illud, summum jus, summa injuria, factum est jam tritum sermone proverbium.'

l. 194. Joann. Sarisber. Entheticus, l. 1527:

'Sic Anacharsis ait, cohibent civilia jura
Invalidos; magnis quolibet ire licet.'

l. 197. *And for those arts mere instinct could afford,*
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd.

Pope adopts the vulgar belief of his time as to the origin of the deities of the Greek mythology. They were supposed to have been real men, benefactors to mankind, whom the gratitude of posterity had deified. This mythological theory originated among the Greeks themselves, and was made popular by the book of Euhemerus (B.C. 330). It was transferred to Rome by Ennius a century later, and was adopted by some of the Christian fathers, e. g. Lactantius, De Fals. Relig. 1. 15: 'Deos appellarent, sive ob miraculum virtutis, sive in adulationem praesentis potentiae, sive ob beneficia quibus erant ad humanitatem compositi.' Cf. S. Aug., De Civ. Dei, 3. 15. This theory is made the basis of Pomey's Pantheum Mythicum, a favourite school manual of mythology in the eighteenth century. Cf. Sidney, On Government, 1. § 16: 'The ancients chose those to be kings who excelled in the virtues which are most beneficial to civil society.'

l. 204. *rills. Rill* = a trickling stream. The verb 'to rail' = to trickle, is obsolete. Gr. *ῥέω*; Lat. *rivus.*

l. 205. *ravish.* Fr. *ravir;* Lat. *rapere.* 'To seize, to snatch, to carry off.' Gibbon may have been thinking of this line when he wrote (Decline and Fall, 1. c. 9): 'To solicit by labour what might be ravished by arms was esteemed unworthy of the German spirit.'

l. 213. *The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,*
A prince the father of a people made.'

i. e. 'The same virtue which the sons obeyed in their sire, made the father of his people a king.'

ll. 219–222. Warton: 'A finer example can scarce be given of a compact and comprehensive style. Pope is here, as Quintilian [10. 1. 73] says of another [Thucydides], "densus, et brevis, et instans sibi." There is not a useless word in this passage; there are but three epithets, *wond'ring*, *pro-*

found, aërial, and they are placed precisely with the very substantive that is of most consequence; if there had been epithets joined with the other substantives, it would have weakened the nervousness of the sentence. This was a secret of versification Pope well understood, and hath often practised with peculiar success.'

l. 223. *drooping, sick'ning, dying:* i. e. the Patriarch.

l. 242. *Th' enormous faith of many made for one.* Hooker, Eccl. Pol. 1. 10. 5: 'They saw that to live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery.' See this profusely commented on by Locke, Of Civil Government, c. 8. Cf. Thomson, Liberty, pt. 4. 972:

'As if for one and sometimes for the worst
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.'

l. 249. *She:* i. e. superstition; so l. 256, *her*.

l. 257. *Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust.* The Greek fathers made common cause with the philosophers in urging against the pagan polytheism the immorality of the gods of the Pantheon.

l. 262. *And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride:* i. e. the hell and heaven of the various pagan religions.

l. 263. *Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;* whereas before it had been the common temple beneath which, Ess. 3. 156,

'All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God.'

l. 264. *gore.* Pope has adopted the erroneous fancy that the earliest sacrifices were unbloody. See Essay 3. 157, 8.

l. 265. *flamen.* An old Latin term denoting a priest attached to the service of some particular deity. Here used generally for 'a priest'; as, with less than his usual correctness, by Milton, Hymn on Nativ. 194:

'A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint.'

Carey, Elegy on Donne (Donne's Poems, p. 336), correctly:

'Here lie two *Flamens*, and both those the best;
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.'

Marlowe, Translation of Lucan, Works, 3. 490, has *Flamins*.

l. 267. *With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below*: i. e. persuaded the people that he could command thunder.

l. 274. *What serves one will, when many wills rebel?* i. e. 'What avails one will, when many wills resist it?'

l. 278. *All join to guard what each desires to gain.* Hooker, Eccl. Pol. 1. 8. 7: 'For seeing those things which are equal must needs all have one measure; if I cannot but wish to receive all good, even as much at every man's hand as any man can wish unto his own soul, how should I look to have any part of my desire herein satisfied, unless myself be careful to satisfy the like desire, which is in other men?' The student may here compare the diffuseness of the early style with the condensation of the later. The gravity and dignity of Hooker are absent; but that defect, in Pope, is a defect of character, not style.

l. 293. *jarring.* 'Jar,' an onomatopœic word, denoting the noise of physical collision; cf. 'chirrup,' and Lat. *garrire*. Metaphorically, any conflict or collision. Marlowe, Jew of Malta, act 2, sc. 2: 'We will not jar about the price.' Kenelm Digby, Treatise of Man's Soul, p. 43 (1639):

'For if their actions should jarre against any of their maximes, they would presently reflect.'

l. 294. *Th' according music of a well-mixed state.* Cf. Cicero, De Rep. 2. 42; ap. S. Augustine, De Civ. Dei, 2. 21 (a passage which is sometimes cited to show that the ancients were acquainted with counterpoint): 'Ut in fidibus aut tibiis, atque ut in cantu ipso ac vocibus concentus est quidam tenendus ex distinctis sonis, quem immutatum aut discrepantem aures eruditae ferre non possunt; . . . . quae harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia, arctissimum atque optumum in omni republica vinculum incolumitatis.' Milton, Ode to Solemn Music, l. 19:

'As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
In perfect diapason.'

Shaftesbury, Moralists, 1. 3: 'We admire the world's beauty founded on contrarietys; whilst, from such various and disagreeing principles, a universal concord is established.'

l. 303. *For forms of government let fools contest,* &c. It might be objected to this dictum that no great civil contests have been about the form of the government, but for the substantial power. But what is intended by Pope is really nothing more than what had been said by Hooker, Eccl. Pol. 1. 10. 5: 'Some kind of regiment the law of nature doth require; yet the kinds thereof being many, nature tieth not to any one, but leaveth the choice as a thing arbitrary.' The want of moral composure shown in the use of the word 'fools' again mars the effect of Pope's forcible condensation.

l. 305. *For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,* &c. Cf. Cowley, On the death of Mr. Crashaw; Works, 1. 70:

'Pardon, my mother Church, if I consent
That angels lead him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his;
His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life I'm sure was in the right.'

Piers Plowman, Passus 11. l. 139 (ed. Skeat, vol. 1, p. 128):

'Hit is no science forsothe · to sotilen therinne,
Neore the love that lyth therinne · a leved thing it weore,
Bote for it [let] best bi love · I leeve it the betere
For that love is the lord · that lakked never grace.'

It must be remembered that Pope was a Catholic. Though he kept his non-conformity in the background, he had resisted all attempts to induce him to forsake the faith of his father. His letter to Bishop Atterbury (Nov. 20, 1717), who had sounded his disposition in this respect, deserves to be read as a model of firmness united to toleration of the opinion of others. He had said there what he repeats in the Essay; 'whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage God only knows; this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so justify a change, even if he thought both equally good?'

Epiphanius, Haer. 46, enumerates this tenet among the heresies, and

ascribes it to one Tatianus. See on the subject, Jeremy Taylor, Lib. of Proph. vol. 5, p. 382. Considered as an abstract proposition, the sentiment expressed in these vigorous lines cannot be maintained as philosophically true.

EPISTLE IV.

l. 1. *Oh happiness! our being's end and aim!* This was the starting-point of the ethics of the school from the time of Plato (Euthyd. p. 278 e) downwards. Grotius, Pufendorf, and their followers first introduced a new point of view for morals by endeavouring to found moral obligation upon natural law.

happiness! Cf. Prior, Solomon; Works, vol. 1, p. 206:

'Happiness! object of that waking dream
Which we call life, mistaking! fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse; ideal shade,
Notional good, by fancy made
And by tradition nursed.'

l. 3. *That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh.* Cf. Essay 1. 95:

'Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.'

Manil. Astronom. 4. 5. 'Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam.'

l. 9. *shine.* A substantive; so Milton, Ode 22:

'Girt with taper's holy shine.'

Spenser, F. Q. 1. 10. 67. See Kitchin, Spenser, Clarendon Press Series.

l. 10. *flaming mine.* The supposed effect of the diamond in illuminating the mine.

l. 12. *Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?* Shirley, Ellis' Spec. 3. 132:

'Some men with swords may reap the field.'

l. 20. Though all the schools were agreed to say that happiness was the supreme good, yet there was a vast variety of opinion as to what happiness consisted in. Varro (died B.C. 28) reckoned 288 different opinions, which had been, or might be, held on the point. See S. Augustine, De Civ. Dei, 19. 1.

l. 24. *Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain.* The allusion is to Brutus' dying speech, Dio Cass. 47. fin., citing the exclamation of Hercules in the tragedy, 'Miserable Virtue! Thou wert then a name, and I have pursued thee as a reality!'

l. 34. *Equal is common sense, and common ease.* Descartes, On Method, p. 1: 'Good sense is, of all things among men, the most equally distributed; for every one thinks himself so abundantly provided with it, that those even who are most difficult to satisfy in everything else, do not usually desire a larger measure of this quality than they already possess.'

common sense. Dugald Stewart, Life of Reid; Works, vol. 10, p. 306: 'Common sense, as it is generally understood, is nearly synonymous with "mother-wit"; denoting that degree of sagacity, depending partly on original capacity, and partly on personal experience and observation, which qualifies an individual for those simple and essential occupations which all men are called on habitually to exercise by their common nature.'

Cf. Gray, Education and Government, l. 28:

'Alike to all the kind impartial heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n.'

l. 37. *And makes what happiness we justly call,*
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

The doctrine here stated by Pope seems to be nearly that of Cumberland, De Legibus Naturae, 1762. According to Cumberland, no action can be morally good which does not in its own nature contribute somewhat to the happiness of men. This view differs from the 'greatest happiness' principle of modern utilitarianism, in professing to be based not on experience, but on an *a priori* consideration of the position of rational agents in the order of things. As such it is scarcely distinguishable from the Kantian principle. Kant, Works, 5. 370 (ed. 1838): 'According to my theory, neither human morality, nor human happiness considered in itself, but the highest possible good in the world, which subsists in the union and identity of both these elements, is the sole end of the Creator.'

l. 39. *find* = Fr. *trouver.*

l. 40. *hearken to the kind.* 'Kind,' i. e. species, is emphatic, being in antithesis to 'individuals.' Cf. Donne, in the celebrated simile of the compasses, Valediction, Poems, p. 36 (ed. 1719):

'And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leans and hearkens after it.'

l. 47. *Each has his share.* Southwell, Times go by Turns; Ellis' Spec. 2. 200:

'Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmingl'd joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.'

l. 48. *and who would more obtain,*
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Jeremy Taylor, Sermons, 15. pt. 1: 'If we go beyond what is needful, as we find sometimes more than is promised, and very often more than we need, so we disorder the certainty of our felicity, by putting that to a hazard which nature hath secured.' Cf. Raleigh, The Lye; Poems of Wotton and Raleigh, p. 99.

l. 55. *But mutual wants this happiness increase.* Repeated from Essay, 3. 112:

'On mutual wants built mutual happiness.'

l. 56. *All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.* See the Heraclitean fragments, fr. 37, ἐκ τῶν διαφερόντων καλλίστην ἁρμονίαν, and cf. Essay 1. 169:

'All subsists by elemental strife.'

l. 57. *Condition*, i. e. rank. 'Condition' in older English had usually a subjective sense = 'temperament,' e. g. Ford, Broken Heart, act 3. sc. 4:

'Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition;
No courtesy can win it.'

is not the thing. This line is spoiled to us by a phrase which in Pope's time had not acquired its slang sense.

l. 58. *Bliss is the same in subject or in king.* Horace, 1 Ep. 12. 5:

'Si ventri bene, si lateri est, pedibusque tuis, nil
Divitiae poterunt regales addere majus.'

l. 60. ***In him who is, or him who finds a friend.*** Lowth objects to the grammar of this sentence that 'friend' is at once the subject of 'is,' and the object of 'finds.' This construction would be inadmissible in prose, but it does not therefore follow that it is beyond the licence of poetical style. This eighteenth-century criticism reached its climax in Buffon's remark, Taine, Lit. Ang. 385: 'Buffon finit par dire pour louer des vers qu'ils sont beaux comme de la belle prose.'

l. 73. ***still,*** i. e. repeating the attempt of the Titans to climb to heaven.

l. 78. ***mere mankind,*** i. e. mankind as such.

l. 84. ***worse,*** i. e. by worse means.

l. 92. ***To pass for good.*** The maximum of successful wickedness being, as Plato puts it, Rep. 2. p. 361, 'To combine the reputation of being a just man with the profits of injustice.'

l. 98. ***ills or accidents that chance to all.*** In the character of Square, in Tom Jones, Fielding has intended to ridicule the optimism of the Essay on Man; Tom Jones, bk. 5, ch. 2. On the occasion of the breaking of his arm, Square consoles Jones in these words: 'It was abundantly sufficient to reconcile the mind to any of these mischances, to reflect that they are liable to befall the wisest of mankind, and are undoubtedly for the good of the whole.'

l. 99. ***See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!*** Lord Falkland fell, aet. 34, at the battle of Newbury, Sept. 19, 1643. Clarendon, Hist. Rebellion, 4. 241: 'A loss which no time will suffer to be forgotten, and no success or good-fortune could repair.' The character of Falkland which follows these words in Clarendon's History, is one of the most celebrated in that masterly gallery of portraits.

l. 100. ***godlike Turenne.*** Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscount Turenne, fell at Sassbach, in Baden, in a campaign against the Imperialists, July 27, 1675. Montecuculi, the leader of the Imperialists, on hearing of his death, is said to have exclaimed, 'There died a man who did honour to mankind!' History cannot endorse the epithet *godlike*. The savage inhumanity of his campaign of 1674, in the Palatinate, the effects of which are still visible in the appearance of the country, is a lasting disgrace to the government which ordered, and the leader who executed, it.

l. 101. ***Sidney.*** Sir Philip Sidney received the wound of which he died, aet. 32, at the battle of Zutphen, Sept. 22, 1586. Campbell, Spec. p. 40: 'The cotemporaries of Sidney, foreigners no less than his countrymen, seem to have felt from his personal influence and conversation, an homage for him that could only be paid to a commanding intellect guiding the principles of a noble heart.... The well-known anecdote of his generosity to the dying soldier, speaks more powerfully to the heart, than the whole volumes of elegies, Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, that were published at his death.'

l. 104. ***Digby! The sire*** was William, fifth Lord Digby, an Irish peer, died 1752, aet. 92. ***The son*** was Robert, died 1727, aet. 40. He was buried at Sherborne, in Dorset, where the inscription on his monument was written by Pope.

l. 105. ***made.... expire.*** Bad; but not so bad then as it is to us, now that the word has got the simple sense of 'die.' For the proper use of *expire*, cf. Spenser, Hymn to Beauty:

'But when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire.'

Yet Thomas Stanley (died 1678), a man of learning, uses it in the modern sense; Ellis, Spec. 3. 318:

'To some dark shade I will retire,
And there, forgot by all, expire.'

if virtue made the son expire. No one objects that the good die prematurely because of their goodness, but notwithstanding it.

l. 107. *Marseilles' good bishop.* Warburton's ed. has *Marseille's.* M. de Belsunce was Bishop of Marseilles during the plague in 1720. As a recognition of his devoted conduct on this occasion he received the pallium from Clement XII., in 1731. Later, he clouded the fair fame he had thus acquired, by joining in the wicked persecution of the Jansenists.

l. 108. *When nature sicken'd and each gale was death!* This expressive line is taken from Dryden, Miscell. 5. 8; cf. George Sandys, Par. of Ps. (Ellis, Spec. 3. 30:)

'Thou saved'st me . . . . . .
From raging fevers, from the sultry breath
Of tainted air, which cloy'd the jaws of death.'

l. 110. *Lent heav'n a parent.* An allusion to the recent death of the author's mother. Caledonian Mercury, June 19, 1733: 'Mrs. Pope, mother of the first poet of this age, who died very rich, was interred on Monday night at Twickenham.'

l. 111. *physical or moral ill.* Leibnitz, Théodicée, § 21, classifies evil under three heads: 'Le mal metaphysique consiste dans la simple imperfection; le mal physique dans le souffrance; et le mal moral dans le péché.'

l. 116. *improv'd it all.* Ironically said; man made natural evil worse, 'sought out many inventions.' French translation rightly, 'l'homme les augmente.'

l. 123. *Sball burning Aetna,* &c. One of many accounts of the death of the philosopher Empedocles (B.C. 444) was, that he threw himself into one of the craters of Aetna. But the words *if a sage requires* are not appropriate to the story of Empedocles, who did not approach the volcano from curiosity, but was anxious to be taken for a god. The expression would suit Plinius, the Roman naturalist, who lost his life (A.D. 79) by approaching too close to the sulphuric fumes during an eruption. But then it was not Aetna, but Vesuvius, which was fatal to Plinius, in the great eruption by which Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed. It is possible that we have here a confused allusion to two different facts—to the legend of Empedocles, and the authentic account of the death of Plinius.

l. 125. *new motions be imprest.* Wollaston, Religion of Nature, 5. 18: 'If a good man be passing by an infirm building, just in the article of falling, can it be expected that God should suspend the force of gravitation till he is gone by, in order to his deliverance; or can we think it would be increased, and the fall hastened if a bad man was there, only that he might be caught, crushed, and made an example? If a man's safety or prosperity should depend upon winds or rains, must new motions be imprest upon the atmosphere?' &c.

l. 126. *blameless Bethel!* Hugh Bethel, a country gentleman of York-

shire, whose brother, Slingsby Bethel, was M.P. for the City of London. He suffered from asthma. To him Pope addressed his second satire of the second book:

'Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.'

l. 128. *you:* i.e. Lord Bolingbroke, not Bethel, as the construction properly requires.

l. 130. *Chartres.* Pope, Note to Moral Essays, 3. 20: 'A man infamous for all manner of vices, who acquired an immense fortune by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind. He died in 1731.'

l. 137. *Calvin.* Born at Noyon, in Picardy, 1509; died at Geneva, 1564. His memory is honoured by Protestants, and detested by Catholics, as the theologian and legislator of the Reformed or Presbyterian Church.

l. 142. After this verse, in the first edition, followed two lines—

'Give each a system, all must be at strife;
What! different systems for a man and wife.'

The joke, at once hackneyed and undignified, was struck out by Pope himself in subsequent editions.

l. 145. *this world, 'tis true,*
Was made for Caesar.

The allusion to Addison, Cato, act 5, sc. 1, would be seized at once by Pope's readers at a time when Cato was still a favourite on the stage.

l. 148. *he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day.* This celebrated saying of Titus is reported by Suetonius in his Life, and repeated after him by innumerable annalists and chroniclers, Eusebius, Aurelius Victor, &c. Sueton. Vitae Caes. Tit. § 8: 'Recollecting at supper that he had not in the whole course of the day conferred any favour on any one, he uttered these memorable and justly commended words, My friends, I have lost a day!' ('Amici, diem perdidi!') Cf. Young, Night Thoughts, 2:

'I've lost a day! the prince who nobly cried
Had been an emperor without his crown.'

l. 151. *That:* i.e. bread.

l. 160. *why private? why no king?* i.e. 'Why is he only in a private station, and not a king?'

l. 168. *The soul's calm sunshine.* Cf. Gray, Ode 3. 44:

'The sunshine of the breast.'

l. 171. *or truth a gown.* Not the *gown* of the clergyman, but of the academical degree of Doctor, as rightly understood by M. de Fontanes:

'Qu'un bonnet de docteur couvre la verité.'

Cf. Moral Essays, 1. 137:

'A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still,
A gownman learn'd, a bishop what you will.'

Pope could not be alluding to the refusal by Convocation of the degree of D.C.L. to Warburton, as that visit to Oxford did not take place till 1741. This refusal is pointed at in the Dunciad, 4. 577:

'The last, not least, in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.'

l. 172. *its great cure, a crown.* Perhaps a petty gibe at William III (died March 8, 1702). An aversion to kings was one of Pope's affectations.

Boswell, Life of Johnson, vol. 8, p. 19: '"Mr. Pope, you don't love princes," said Frederick, Prince of Wales, to him one day. "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love kings, then." "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown."' Cf. Walpole, Letters to Mann, 1741. Contrast Pope's affectation with the bitter sincerity of Milton, Sonnet to Cromwell, Sonnet 16:

'And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued.'

In the editions of Milton from Philipps to Fenton these lines were mutilated.

l. 175. *The boy and man an individual makes. Makes*, rightly singular, for the word is not used in its primary sense of 'create, fashion,' in which sense it is an active verb, taking an accusative after it, but in the technical sense, as marking quantitative equivalence, e.g. What does 3 times 4 make? Answer, 3 times 4 makes 12.

l. 190. *The lover and the love of humankind.* 'Love,' in the sense of the beloved person, is old English. Two Gentlemen of Verona, act 4, sc. 4:

'I am my master's true confirmed love.'

Spenser, Faery Queene, 1. 3. 28:

'Then I leave you, my liefe, yborn of heavenly berth.'

But being almost always applied as a familiar term of endearment, it lowers the dignity of the context here. Cf. Latin use of 'amor,' Sueton. Vitae Caes. Tit. 1: 'Titus, amor ac deliciae generis humani.'

l. 194. *Act well your part.* The comparison of life to a play is one of those images at once obvious and striking, which were adopted by the moderns from the classical poets, and employed by every writer till taste revolted at the repetition. Pope, with all his fastidiousness in choice of expression, allows himself to fall sometimes into these hackneyed metaphors.

l. 196. *One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.* It is evident that the verbs in this line are wrongly applied. They have in fact changed places. Pope had originally written:

'Oft of two brothers, one shall be surveyed
Flutt'ring in rags, one flaunting in brocade.'

l. 199. *cowl.* Wedgwood: 'Lat. *cucullus;* A. S. *cugle, cufle, cuble;* W. *cwfl.* The origin may perhaps be Gael. *cogull*, husks of corn in which the grain is cased, as monk's head in his hood.'

l. 203. *Worth makes the man*, &c. Cf. Petron. Arbit. c. 75: 'Consilium est quod homines facit, cætera quisquilia omnia.'

l. 204. *prunella.* Johnson: '*Prunello* = a kind of stuff of which the clergymen's gowns are made.'

l. 205. *Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings.* Cf. Marquess of Worcester, Apophthegms, p. 49 (ed. 1671):

'A king can kill, a king can save,
A king can make a lord a knave,
And of a knave a lord also.'

l. 206. *That.* *That* is the demonstrative pronoun, and to be emphasised in reading.

l. 207. *Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race.* Cf. Habington, Castara (Southey's Poets, p. 992):

'For although the blood
Of Marshall, Standley, and La Pole doth flow,
With happy Brandon's in your veines, you owe
Your virtue not to them. Man builds alone
O' th' ground of honour; for desert's our own!'

l. 208. *from Lucrece to Lucrece.* Lucretia, with the French pronunciation. Pope is copying Boileau, Sat. 5. 85:

'Si leur sang tout pur, ainsi que leur noblesse,
Est passé jusqu'à vous de Lucrèce en Lucrèce.'

l. 211. *Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood,* &c. Ovid, Met. 13. 140:

'Nam genus et proavos et quae non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.'

l. 212. *Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.* Rochester, Poems (Chalmers, 8. 244):

'Who with strong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever since the conquest have been fools.'

l. 215. *What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?* Cf. Whitehead, Manners;

''Tis not the truncheon or the ermine's pride
Can screen the coward, or the knave can hide.'

l. 218. *heroes,* &c. Cf. this passage with Juvenal's declamatory lines on the same subject, Sat. 10. 133, &c.

l. 219. *Macedonia's madman.* Truth is here sacrificed to alliteration. The overthrow of the Persian empire was not the enterprise of a madman. The retreat of the ten thousand (B. C. 400) had disclosed the want of internal cohesion in that monarchy, and from that time forward the conquest became a topic of rational speculation. Roman criticism was even inclined to underrate the magnitude of the enterprise. 'Nihil magis ausus quam vana contemnere,' says Livy, 9. 16. In a better tone than Pope, Pope's favourite, Surrey, Poems, p. 44 (ed. Nott):

'The great Macedon that out of Persia chas'd
Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rang.'

Pope, however, was not peculiar in forming this erroneous estimate. Boileau had indulged in a similar tirade, Sat. 8. 99, 'cet écervelé, qui mit l'Asie en cendre,' &c. And Spenser seems (F. Q. 1. 5. 48) to share the error.

l. 220. *the Swede.* The epithet *madman* which has adhered to Alexander the Great, ought to have been joined to *the Swede.* The instance of Charles XII is more appropriate than most of the historical examples pitched upon by Pope in the Essay. Charles XII's extraordinary career was still recent; he was killed at Frederickshall, 1718. It was sufficient to allude to him as *the Swede,* since public attention had been recalled to him by Voltaire's brilliant monograph, published in 1731, with the false date (?) of 'Rouen.'

l. 224. *Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.* Observe the effect of this single line, in which 'the expression is depressed below the tone of the subject' (Bell, Grammar of the English Tongue, 1769), in vulgarizing the whole context.

l. 225. *No less alike the politic and wise. Alike* corresponds to *much the same* in l. 219; 'resemble each other.'

l. 230. Elwin, note in loc.: 'The pronunciation of *great* was not uniform in Pope's day. "When I published," says Johnson, "the plan for my dictionary, Lord Chesterfield told me that the word 'great' should be pronounced so as to rhyme to 'state;' and Sir William Yonge sent me word that it should be pronounced so as to rhyme to 'seat,' and that none but an Irishman would pronounce it 'grait.'" Pope, in this epistle, and elsewhere, has made *great* rhyme to both sounds.'

l. 235. *Aurelius.* Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was emperor from A.D. 161 to 180. He left a book of 'Reflections.' It was translated into English by (among others) Jeremy Collier, 1701. The Essay on Man shows throughout traces of Pope's familiarity with this book over and above the passages directly borrowed.

l. 236. *bleed.* *Bleed* seems as improperly said of the death of Socrates, as *reign* of Marcus Aurelius. The Romans down to a very late period were scrupulous in avoiding applying the terms 'rex,' 'regnare,' &c. to the emperors.

l. 237. Dugald Stewart, Works, 6. 148: 'That the desire of esteem, if a fantastic principle of action in one of these cases (i. e. posthumous fame), is equally so in the other (i. e. cotemporary reputation), is remarked by Pope. But instead of availing himself of this consideration to justify the desire of posthumous renown, he employs it as an argument to expose the nothingness of fame in all cases whatsoever.'

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath. Pope, Temple of Fame, 505:

> 'How vain that second life in others' breath,
> Th' estate which wits inherit after death.'

Lord Brooke, Poems (ap. Southey, p. 525):

> 'Besides, the essence of this glorious name
> Is not in him that hath, but him that gives it.'

Cf. Milton, Par. Reg. 3. 47.

l. 244. *Eugene.* Prince Eugene of Savoy, whose signal defeat of the Turks at Peterwaradin in 1696, and share in the victories of the War of the Spanish Succession, had earned for him the highest military renown. He was an Italian by descent, a Frenchman by birth, and a German by adoption; he used to sign himself accordingly, 'Eugenio von Savoye.' He died in 1736, and was therefore *living* when the Essay on Man was published.

l. 247. *A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod.* Alluding to the pen with which the wit writes, and the baton or truncheon which was the symbol of the authority of the general. But the allusion is so obscure that the line, often as it is quoted, seems to be generally misunderstood. On the 'baton' as symbol of command, see Menagiana, 4. 26. Cf. the commentators on Judges 5. 14; Gray, Elegy, 47:

> 'Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd.'

l. 252. *Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.* Alluding to the barbarous practice of hanging in chains, a practice which was not discontinued till the present century. Cf. Young, Night Thoughts, Night 4:

> 'A scavenger in scenes where vacant posts
> Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
> Their future ornaments.'

l. 256. *buzzas* rhymes with *weighs*, according to the pronunciation of the last vowel, which then ruled. The present pronunciation huzzā is etymologically more correct. The word represents a cry of the chase (? Norman), *bou! ça!*

l. 257. *Marcellus.* Marcus Marcellus (died B. C. 46) may be ranked with M. Cato as the best and most public-spirited of the Pompeian party. After Pharsalus, he withdrew to Mitylene, where he devoted himself to literature and philosophy. By Marcellus, Pope is known to have meant the Duke of Ormond. The Duke of Ormond owed the devotion of the Tory party to his descent from the most illustrious of the cavaliers. He was himself an insignificant person, spoiled by flattery, without decision, and without capacity, relying always on others, yet without that distrust of himself from which an habitual reliance upon others might be expected to proceed. James, second Duke, was attainted of high treason, 1715, along with Lords Bolingbroke and Oxford. He was now (1734) living in exile in France in the service of the Pretender.

l. 266. *All fear, none aid you, and few understand.* The constant complaint of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius; see his De Rebus Suis, passim.

l. 267. *Painful preheminence!* Cf. Byron, Childe Harold, canto 3, st. 45:

> 'He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
> The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
> He who surpasses or subdues mankind
> Must look down on the hate of those below.'

l. 278. *Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.* It has been thought that Lord Melcombe and Sir William Yonge are here intended. But Bubb Dodington was only advanced to the peerage as Lord Melcombe in 1761; and there is no point in supposing any real character to be aimed at here. The only reason for so thinking is, that in l. 280,

> 'Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife,'

the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are intended, as the context, l. 302 foll., shews.

l. 281. *Bacon.* Francis Bacon, born 1560, died 1626, aet. 66. Party rancour pressed against him certain charges of venality in the discharge of his judicial functions as Lord Chancellor. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to pay a fine of 40,000*l.*, to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure, and was declared incapable of holding any office or of sitting in parliament.

l. 282. *The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.* 'It is painful to turn,' says Macaulay, 'from contemplating Bacon's philosophy, to contemplating his life.' So much truth requires us to say. But Pope goes beyond the truth. Bacon was not the meanest of mankind. Pope cannot forego an antithetical effect at whatever cost it has to be obtained. And in estimating historical characters he seems to have been without any proper standard, and wholly at the mercy of prevailing social prejudices. In the Essay alone we have such mistakes in the cases of Alexander the Great, Cromwell, Newton, Bacon, &c. Cf. 4. 219. Thomson had excused Bacon in lines as much better in sentiment as they are weaker in expression. Seasons; Summer, 15. 34:

'Hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storms of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course; him for the studious shade
Kind nature formed, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact and elegant;' &c.

l. 283. *ravish'd with.* Spenser uses this construction, Sonnet 3:

'Ravished with fancy's wonderment,'

Drummond, Hymn on Fairest Fair:

'But ravished with still beholding thee.'

ravish'd with the whistling of a name. Alluding to the proverb, 'The fowler's whistle the bird's death.' See Gosson, School of Abuse, p. 10. Pope probably remembered Cowley, Ess. Trans. of Virg. Georg. 2:

'Charmed with the foolish whistlings of a name.'

l. 284. *Cromwell.* See note on 4. 281.

l. 285. *all, united:* i. e. the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great.

l. 290. *How happy! those to ruin, these betray.* Pope has here carried condensation to obscurity.

l. 292. *From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose.* Pope is affecting to redress the false scale of the common estimate of human affairs. A true sense of greatness would not have permitted him to sneer at the humble origin of Venice, which in 1735, though she had not lost her independence, had fallen from her splendour. More just was the sentiment of the Latin poets, who always refer to the lowly origin of Rome in a spirit of pride, e. g. Propertius, Eleg. 4. 1:

'Hoc, quodcunque vides, hospes, qua maxima Roma est,
Ante Phrygem Aeneam, collis et herba fuit.'

Thomson again is in a nobler tone (of Venice), Liberty, pt. 4, l. 294:

'Where pushed from plunder'd earth a remnant still
Inspired by me, through the dark ages, kept
Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive;
The seeming god-built city,' &c.

Alluded to by Byron, Childe Harold, c. 4, st. 13:

'Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks like a sea-weed into whence she rose.'

Cf. Rogers' Italy, Venice.

l. 303. *story'd.* A Miltonic epithet misused. Milton, Penseroso, 158, says 'storied windows,' that is, representing ancient story. Cf. Harrison, Description of England, bk. 2, c. 1: 'As for our churches, all images, shrines, tabernacles, rood loftes, and monuments of idolatry, are removed, onely the *stories* in the glass windowes, excepted.' *Story'd halls* can only mean halls famed in story, historic. Cf. Comus, 516:

'What the sage poets taught by th' heavenly muse
Storied of old in high immortal verse.'

Rowe, Lucan, b. 9, 'each storied place survey,' of Caesar visiting the plain of Troy. Gray, Elegy, st. 11, 'storied urn or animated bust.'

ll. 307, 308. See 299, 300. This recurrence of the same rhyme, *fame—shame*, within ten lines is an instance of negligence.

l. 314. *Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives.* Cf. Merchant of Venice, 4. 1 :

'It is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.'

ll. 314–318. J. B. Mayor, Contemp. Rev. vol. 14, p. 118: 'This is a specimen of Pope's incorrect style. There is no subject to the verbs. What is it which is "attended with no pain"? What is "without satiety"? What is "more distressed"? In the second line "joy unequalled" is in the absolute construction; "it" is merit; but we cannot speak of merit, scarcely of joy, as "attended with no pain"; the phrase is properly applicable only to "loss," understood from the verb lose which precedes.'

l. 347. (*Nature, whose dictates to no other kind*
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find.)

The parenthetical couplet suggests, but obscurely, the argument for a future life from the human instinct of immortality. This argument is shortly stated by Dr. S. Clarke, Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion (1075), p. 271 (ed. 1749): ''Tis not at all probable that God should have given men appetites which were never to be satisfied; desires which had no objects to answer them; and unavoidable apprehensions of what was never really to come to pass.' So Young, Night Thoughts, Night 7:

'Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope,
Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.'

l. 351. *At once his own bright prospect to be blest,*
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

The construction here is not only elliptical, but clumsy. Mr. Elwin, note in loc. explains: '*His greatest virtue* is benevolence; *his greatest bliss* the hope of a happy eternity. Nature connects the two, for the bliss depends on the virtue.'

l. 364. *As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake.* Chaucer, House of Fame, 2. 283:

'If that thou
Threw in a water now a stone,
Well wost thou it will make anone
A littell roundell as a cercle,
Paraventure as broad as a covercle,
And right anone thou shalt see wele
That whele cercle will cause another whele.'

Cf. Shakespeare, Henry VI. pt. 1, act 1, sc. 2:

'Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to nought!'

Marvell makes another use of the image, First Anniversary, &c., Poems, p. 96 (ed. 1870):

'Like the vain curlings of the watery maze
Which in smooth streams a sinking weight doth raise,
So man declining, always disappears
In the weak circles of increasing years.'

Pope had employed the simile before, Temple of Fame, 436; Dunciad, 2. 407

l. 373. ***come along.*** This vulgarism is a blemish in the outset of this fine concluding address to Bolingbroke.

l. 385. ***Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,*** &c. Hurd compares Statius Silv. 1. 4. 120:

'. . . . immensae veluti connexa carinae
Cymba minor,' &c.

l. 390. ***guide, philosopher, and friend.*** Mason, Poems, Elegy, 1753, expostulates with the shade of Pope for his misplaced admiration bestowed on Bolingbroke, and refused to Marlborough, for no other reason than that of political connection:

'Ask if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
When St. John's name illumined glory's page?
Ask if the wretch who dar'd his memory stain,
Ask if his country's, his religion's foe
Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' failed to gain,
The deathless meed he only could bestow?'

l. 391. ***urg'd by thee.*** Thus ascribing the suggestion of the subject to Bolingbroke.

I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart.

Pope supposed himself, in his poetry generally, and particularly in the Essay on Man, to have achieved a reform in the matter as well as in the style of writing. He had taken moral and social themes and topics of the day in which men's passions were interested, instead of exercising his ingenuity in coining verbal conceits, or writing copies of verses on neutral subjects. If Pope be contrasted broadly with the poets before the Restoration, called by Johnson 'metaphysical,' the antithesis here drawn is true. But then it is equally true of many other poets who were Pope's contemporaries, and of Dryden. The contrast between words and things he pursues again in the Dunciad, in satirising grammar-school education, 4. 159:

'Confine the thought to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.'

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